EASTER·NUMBER

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Everybody's Magazine

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

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TWICE

You can get *twice* the value out of your toilet, *twice* the life and vim out of your bath,—in fact, a delightful Turkish bath sensation,—and at ten, yes, twenty times the saving if you have

HAND SAPOLIO

FOR TOILET AND BATH

Besides all this, you will think twice as much of the Sapolios if you will add a cake of this remarkable toilet soap to your outfit. It is safe for a child's skin, and sure for the mechanic's grime. Keeps the skin soft and prevents chapping.

YOU CAN'T GUESS AT ITS VALUE.
BUY A CAKE AND TEST IT. IT'S A WONDER.

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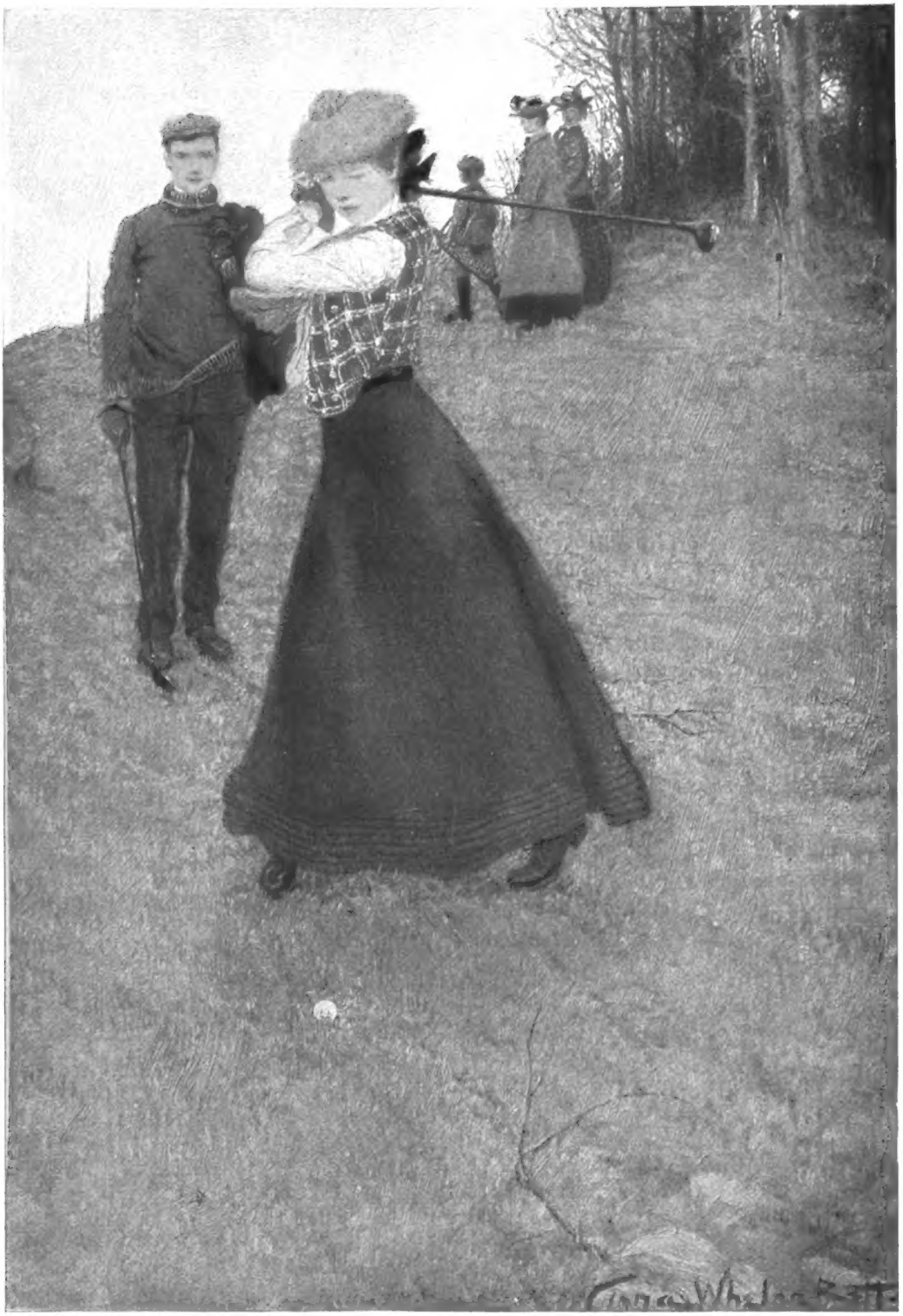

Painted by Anna Whelan Betts

THE GOLF GIRL.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VIII. APRIL, 1903. NO. 4.

EASTER IN MANY LANDS.

BY C. BRYSON TAYLOR.

Illustrated from photographs by Count Louis Primoli, Irving McColl and others.

MIDNIGHT. A flickering of jewel-like points of light from many tapers in the dusk; the heavy breath of incense; in the vast body of the church a packed and silent throng of people, merged by the darkness into masses of black shadow. Up by the great altar, behind the silver rail, where the light concentrates to throw the scene into mellow relief, many priests are gathered, mitred, clad in gleaming robes of cloth-of-silver, with swinging censers. Pillars of porphyry and malachite nearest the altar give back gleaming reflections of the twinkling candles; filmy clouds of incense drift down the great interior, hovering low over people's heads; from the choir comes the slow chanting of men's voices, the wonderful Russian voices—basses that roll through the scented gloom as the notes of a mighty organ, barytones that swell and thrill and send their echoes through every corner up to the huge dome, golden tenors that peal clear above them all, with never a note of strings or wind or pipe to mar their harmony. No nation but one has ever succeeded in bringing such a chorus to the perfection it may attain. For this is Russia, where such things may be; and it is the dawn of Easter morning, when high and low are called upon to greet the holy Resurrection Day.

Two nights ago, at the solemn twelfth hour of Good Friday, a coffin, flower-covered, with gem-embroidered pall, had been borne from the church upon priests' shoulders, with crosses veiled in black and wailing music, to represent the scene of the burial of Christ. This night, just before the break of Easter morning, to the accompaniment of subdued chanting and the prayers of reverent men and women, the last act of the drama is played. There comes a stir in the black shadows where men and women are crowded shoulder to shoulder. The priests, leaving the altar, file down the centre aisle of the church, their silver robes glinting in the dim light. Before them a cross is borne, and a lighted lantern on a pole. Its flame, one glowing spot in the black heart of the church, bobs and sways downward over the heads of the worshipers. The choir trails behind. At the altar are left but two or three figures, bowed in prayer. The procession leaves the church, stately, impressive, full of significance. It represents the party who searched for the body of Christ on the first Easter morning nineteen hundred years ago. A solemn hush falls, the hush of waiting, of suspense. In all the vast building is no sound.

Then from the silence comes the shuffle of approaching feet, nearer and always

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nearer. Suddenly the doors are pounded from without, rapidly and insistently, a profane sound that startles the stillness into awakening life and interest. The kneeling figures at the altar rise, listen, and hurry down the aisle. The doors are flung open and the priests file in, each bearing a lighted taper and followed by the choir, chanting "Christ is Risen!" From these tapers, as the priests pass, the people nearest

For the Light of the World has risen, and it is Easter Day.

The origin of Easter is lost in antiquity. In the beginning it was a pagan rite, celebrated in honor of Eostre, the Saxon goddess of spring. Then it became identified with the Jewish Passover, and finally, about 68 A. D., was instituted as a Christian festival. Many of the Easter superstitions of those far-away times have come down to

JUDASES READY TO BURN IN THE CITY OF MEXICO ON HOLY SATURDAY.

in the heaving crowd light their own candles. The flame is passed up and down from hand to hand, a trail of fire-flowers springing forth from the dusk as though by magic, until the gloom lightens to a rosy glow, and the glow to a sudden blaze of brilliance that gleams on the jewel-burdened *icons* along the walls, on the sea of attentive faces, and floods the church with radiance, as the priests begin the Service of the Resurrection.

us. Among the oldest, to be found under some form or other in nearly all countries and all climes, is the belief that on Easter morning the sun will share in the rejoicings of mankind and dance in the heavens. This idea may be traced back to the days when savage worshipers themselves danced in high places in honor of the mighty Sun-God. The question as to whether he actually did or did not dance was seriously discussed by

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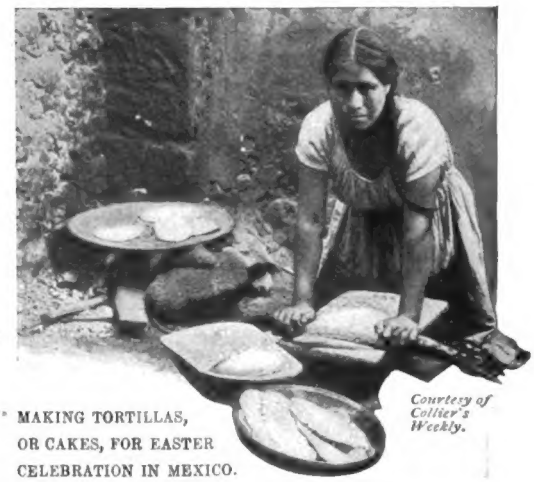
grave old scholars with great erudition and at greater length. It was demonstrated by ponderous argument, mathematical, philosophical, and astronomical, that the sun never could, never would and never had danced; that although he might sometimes shine more brightly than usual upon Easter morning, it was merely by chance and not at all his fault, and that there had been no "unseemly levity" on his part.

Perhaps the quaintest of all Easter customs are those practised in southern Roman Catholic countries, among nations in whom a streak of childlike naiveté appears to temper curiously the hot blood which is the birthright of the sons of the fiery South.

In Spain, in Portugal, in Mexico, as well as all over South America, Judas the Betrayer plays a prominent part in the proceedings. Holy Saturday is the day especially devoted to him. His effigy, made as hideous as possible—which is very hideous indeed, since his creators are endowed with the ardent imagination of their race—is placed upon funeral piles and burned with immense glee; he is flogged and hanged and maltreated in ways without number. The more ingenious the torments inflicted upon him, the greater the benefit to the perpetrator. In North America, Mexico appears to be the only place where the custom is to be found. Here, popular hatred is particularly and picturesquely violent. On Good Friday morning, booths are erected in all parts of the city, where many Judases are sold, grotesque and distorted of visage, garbed in uncouth attire. All day long images large and small are bought by men and women and children, by dozens, by scores, by hundreds.

On the morning of Holy Saturday, the city, to the believing mind, is transformed into a vast place of execution. Ropes stretch across the streets from house to house; from every rope a Judas hangs,



Courtesy of Collier's Weekly.

MAKING TORTILLAS, OR CAKES, FOR EASTER CELEBRATION IN MEXICO.

filled with straw and gunpowder, black and very ugly, sullenly swaying in the sun. He is everywhere, swinging stiffly like a three days' gibbeted corpse; hooted at, cursed in vivid Spanish with all terms of infamy and shame. But a few minutes before twelve comes a sudden hush, a rent of stillness in the blare of noise. The crowd stands listening for the signal of noon from the bell of the cathedral, waiting keenly, in strained attention; only the Judases still swing to and fro in the sunshine, passive, unconcerned. The signal comes, booming over all the city. On the instant frenzy smites the town. Every luckless Judas is cut down by yelling men and cast headlong into flames. He explodes, individually and collectively, with dreadful noise and much vile-smelling smoke; this is the tainted soul of him fleeing forth to hell which he has merited. His end is greeted with furious rejoicings, shouts of triumph, parting yells of defiance.

Courtesy of Collier's Weekly.

BREAKING THE EASTER PIÑATA IN MEXICO.

Concealed in the doll is the pinata, or pot of sweets and pennies for the children, at which each of the latter when blindfolded has three turns with a club. When the pinata is broken there is a scramble for the scattered contents.

In Cuba and other Spanish-American countries another quaint custom is practised. In the early morning the crowds begin to gather in the

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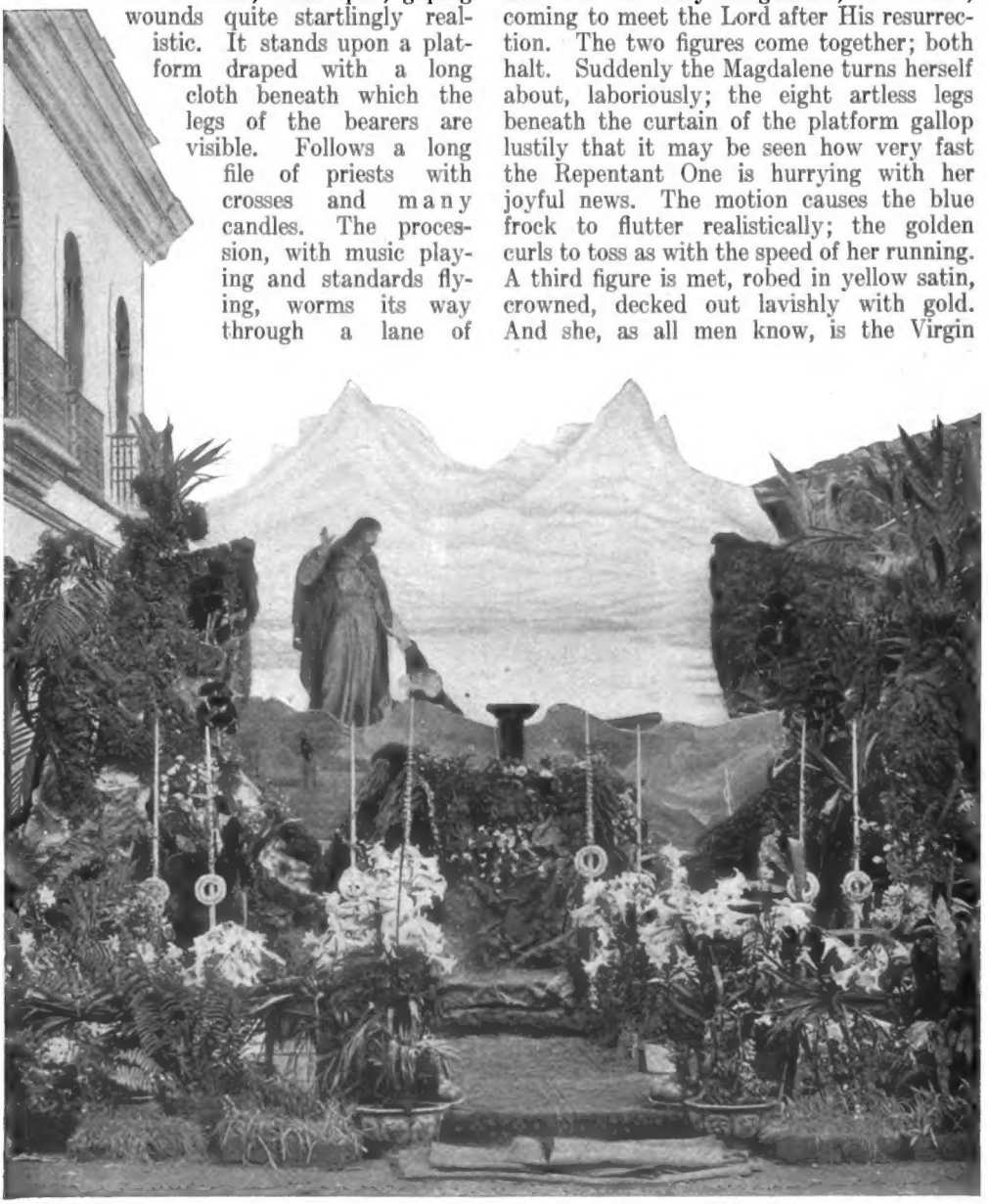
plaza before the cathedral or church where the ceremony is to take place. A squad of soldiers drawn up lends an air of martial splendor to the scene. At the appointed hour the great doors open and forth come a band of acolytes swinging censers. Borne on the shoulders of a score of monks is a life-sized waxen image of the Saviour, with open, gaping wounds quite startlingly realistic. It stands upon a platform draped with a long cloth beneath which the legs of the bearers are visible. Follows a long file of priests with crosses and many candles. The procession, with music playing and standards flying, worms its way through a lane of people down the hot, sunlit street. Suddenly there is a commotion; a second wax figure appears, borne in like manner by four priests, coming toward the Saviour. A woman's figure, this, tricked out in blue, with all possible finery and impossible curls of long yellow hair. Asking who this might be, you are told breathlessly that she is Mary Magdalene, of course, coming to meet the Lord after His resurrection. The two figures come together; both halt. Suddenly the Magdalene turns herself about, laboriously; the eight artless legs beneath the curtain of the platform gallop lustily that it may be seen how very fast the Repentant One is hurrying with her joyful news. The motion causes the blue frock to flutter realistically; the golden curls to toss as with the speed of her running. A third figure is met, robed in yellow satin, crowned, decked out lavishly with gold. And she, as all men know, is the Virgin



ALTARS BUILT BY THE RICH CITIZENS OF SAN JOSÉ,

Headed by the Bishop, the people visit in procession these street altars, where

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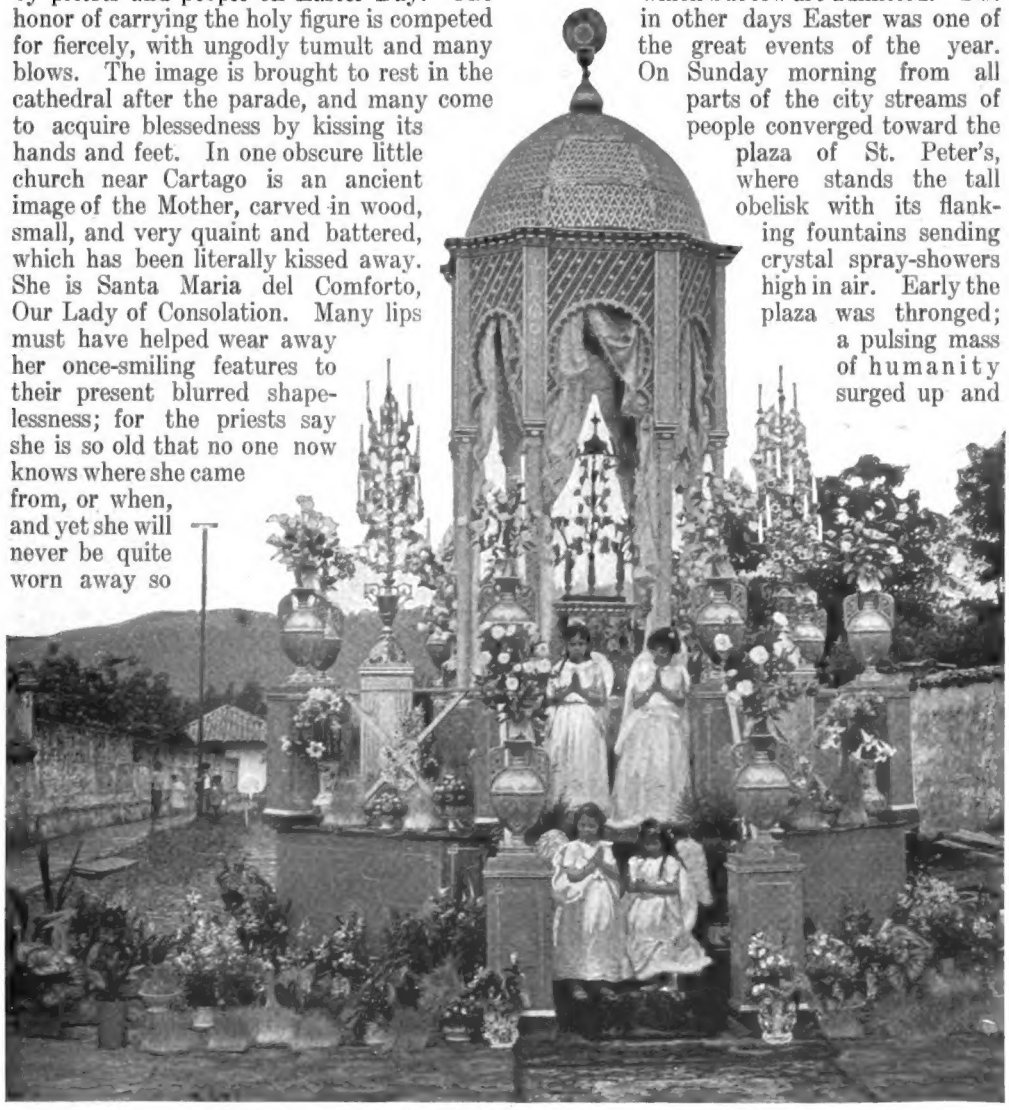
Mary. The two pause; then return up the street to the advancing Saviour, the Virgin in the lead. Here the greeting takes place; all three, by the sudden ducking of the forward bearers, bowing each to the other, repeatedly and solemnly. They start together for the church, while the crowd closes up after them and follows on behind. As the group enters the church door a salvo is fired by the troops, the music ends with a flourish; the people, rather awed, disperse.

In Costa Rica the effigy of Christ is taken through the streets in triumphal procession by priests and people on Easter Day. The honor of carrying the holy figure is competed for fiercely, with ungodly tumult and many blows. The image is brought to rest in the cathedral after the parade, and many come to acquire blessedness by kissing its hands and feet. In one obscure little church near Cartago is an ancient image of the Mother, carved in wood, small, and very quaint and battered, which has been literally kissed away. She is Santa Maria del Comforto, Our Lady of Consolation. Many lips must have helped wear away her once-smiling features to their present blurred shapelessness; for the priests say she is so old that no one now knows where she came from, or when, and yet she will never be quite worn away so long as her children want her. Only on the holy Easter morning is she taken for a space from her shrine and brought into the world. At all other times those who wish her help must go to her.

In Rome, the Easter celebration, although still elaborate, is not what it was before the fall of the temporal power. In former days the Pope himself held mass at St. Peter's on Sunday morning. Now it is no longer so. A cardinal officiates; much of the magnificence of the ceremony is gone; the Pope holds private mass in the Consistory to which but few are admitted. But in other days Easter was one of the great events of the year. On Sunday morning from all parts of the city streams of people converged toward the plaza of St. Peter's, where stands the tall obelisk with its flanking fountains sending crystal spray-showers high in air. Early the plaza was thronged; a pulsing mass of humanity surged up and



COSTA RICA, FOR THE EASTER CEREMONIES.

they hold services on Easter morning and enact little scenes from the life of Christ.

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EASTER MORNING AT THE CONVENT OF ALBANO.

down, restless, many-colored, never still. Processions made slow headway through the crowd, among strangers from many lands; monks in red and black and purple cowls; white-hooded Sisters of Mercy; pilgrims with cape and iron-shod staff beseeching alms. Peasants from the Campagna and the mountains dozed upon the wide steps of the church; here and there a half-dozen wrangled vociferously, smelling of garlic. Grisettes from the artists' quarter, black-haired, broad-bosomed, with torsos fit for chisel of sculptor and brush of painter, passed arm in arm; many soldiers gathered for the event.

Within, the procession which escorted the Pope to his throne far back behind the great altar was royal in pomp and splendor. First came the *Guardia Nobile*, lining the way from the throne to the shrine of the apostles. Picked men, these, clad in red and black and wearing casques, chosen for perfection of physique and bearing, with never a man of them under six feet. Followed red-robed chamberlains; prelates in royal purple; cardinals; last of all the Pope himself. Under a silken canopy fringed with gold, he was carried in a golden chair from his palace in the Vatican, his vestments ablaze with jewels, the triple-crowned tiara upon his head; beside him the great *flabelli*—fans of ostrich plumes set with the "eyes" of peacocks' feathers to signify the eternal vigilance of Holy Church. Upon him, as he passed, the peasants looked as upon their God. In the squalor of their lives he appeared as a being supreme above all others upon the earth, before whom all men must bow. The papal choir, with its famous male *soprani*, trained to the last notch of perfection, began the "*Christus resurgens.*"

Mass over, the most important part of the ceremony, to most, took place. Once more outside, in the sun-baked plaza, with its tinkling fountains and its seething crowds, the people awaited the Easter Benediction. Soldiery, priests, peasants—all watched the great central balcony where, under the shielding awning, the Pope would appear to give his people grace.

EASTER PROCESSION OF THE ALBANO MONKS, NEAR ROME.

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As the clocks struck, the peacock fans appeared on the balcony; between them a white figure in a golden chair. Every sound in the wide square below was hushed; men scarcely dared draw breath lest they lose a note of the clear far voice that chanted the solemn Benediction above their heads.

The packed concourse of people; the vast mass of the great church for background; the broad square, steeped in blinding light; high in the balcony, with waving plumes and the barbaric glint of gold, the still white figure with right hand raised in blessing; no sound in all the world save the cool splash of the fountains and the thin sweet voice all but lost in the immensity of the hot silence —no wonder the peasants worshiped and adored. It appealed to the sense and fear of mystery that lurks in every human heart; it was a power, vast, shadowy, inconceivable, embodied and brought within the limits of their ken in the person of one old man; and it gripped them, heart and soul and body, with the clinging fingers of Catholicism soft as silken tendrils, firm as iron bands which, once closed, will never loosen.

At night came the illumination of St. Peter's. In this, many thousand small oil lamps outlined every prominent curve and line of the great building, so that from a vantage-point across the city the huge dome appeared as though drawn in silver against the dusky evening sky. Tradition tells that very long ago, when men risked life and limb for sake of the faith that was in them, this illumination was effected by torches held in the hands of men who for long hours clung to dizzy pinnacle and narrow ledge that their light might shine for the glory of God before the eyes of their fellow men. Much gold was paid to those who volunteered this service; criminals were guaranteed full pardon—if they reached the ground alive. And each, before toiling up heart-breaking spiral stairs and shaking ladders to his post, was required to take the sacrament, since a slip, a moment's giddiness, meant death of a horror past all naming. Such deaths were very many, so that this custom has been long since done away with.

COMING FROM HER FIRST COMMUNION.
Easter morning, Paris.

"WHITE-HOODED SISTERS OF MERCY."
Easter morning in front of St. Peter's, Rome.

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GOING TO CHURCH, EASTER MORNING.

Italian peasants from the Pompeii country on their way to the city to attend the Easter morning services.

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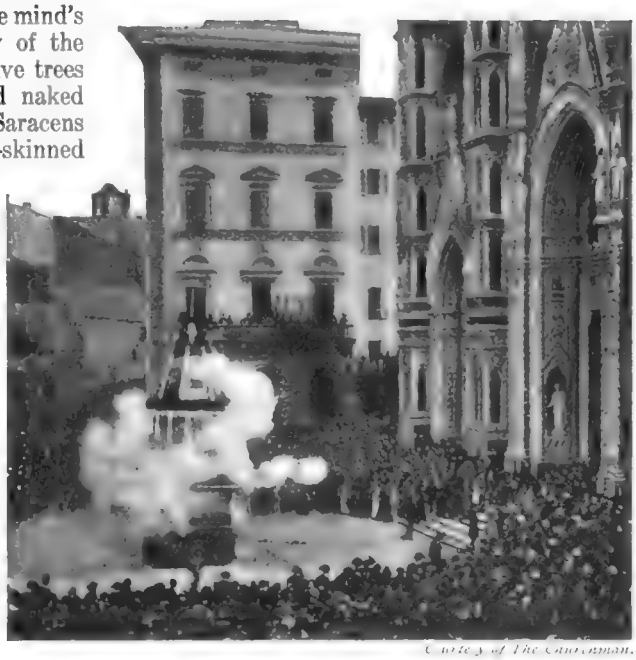
AN EASTER QUARTET AT ST. PETER'S, ROME.

Palestine—the word itself spells history, world-old, rich with the memories of ancient days. It unrolls a scroll before the mind's eye whereon is written the story of the tragedy; it paints a picture, of live trees and cypress, of fertile plain and naked hill; of dark-browed Moors and Saracens who bore the crescent, and fair-skinned knights who fought and died for the sweet Christ's sake in Holy Land with the cross upon their shoulders. Men have believed that the sepulcher is the actual tomb of Christ, and men have disbelieved it. Whether or not the Saviour's body rested on the marble slab within the tomb no man can tell. Whatever the truth be, it is venerated as the Holy of Holies of the earth, where past and present meet and a thousand years are as but a day. From all the world come pilgrims, at all times and seasons, but at Eastertide they swarm here in their thousands. As for the beggars, they are beyond all counting, lean, ragged, hungry, for them Jerusalem has always with her. The holy city takes on the appearance of a packed bazaar; the narrow streets, never level, deep in filth, swarm with all breeds and races beneath the sun.

On Monday of Holy Week the pilgrimage to the Jordan takes place. Here, at the Pilgrims' Ford, in the gray light of dawn, the horde of Christians pours down upon the river, old and young, on foot, and on camels, on donkeys, on mules, and on horseback, straining every nerve as though life itself depended on the race, praying, shouting, screaming, rushing onward like a bedlam of distraught souls, for the moment utterly irresponsible. Ten thousand—twenty thousand—strip and splash into the shallows, dipping themselves thrice in honor of the Trinity, and filling flasks and bottles with the consecrated water. Then out and dressing on the banks, and rushing back to the city as fast as they had come, with the whole performance over in less than three hours.

Every day and all day bands of silent men, footsore and weary, make the rounds of the holy places with prayers—the Chapel of the Ascension, where believers may see in the rock the footprint of Jesus; the Garden



Courtesy of The Outlook.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE HOLY SATURDAY CHARIOT, AT FLORENCE.

The car has a scaffolding of fireworks connected by a wire with the High Altar of the Duomo. At twelve o'clock the Archbishop sends along this wire a toy dove with a flame in its beak which causes the car to explode. The omens for the coming year are good or bad as the dove flies straight or hesitates.

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of Gethsemane; the Grotto of the Agony; the spot where Judas kissed his Lord. Up the Via Dolorosa, with its fourteen stations commemorating each some act of Christ's, which leads to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, pilgrims are crowding to kiss the indentation made in the stone wall by the shoulder of Jesus as he fell beneath the cross. The olden city streets wherein Christ walked are forty feet below the ground, but no one cares for that. His presence has sanctified every stick and clod of earth; to them it is even as though His feet had touched the stones they kneel to kiss.

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WASHING THE SAINT'S FEET BY THE GREEK PATRIARCH OF JERUSALEM.
An Easter ceremony of the Greek Church which takes place within the walls of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher.

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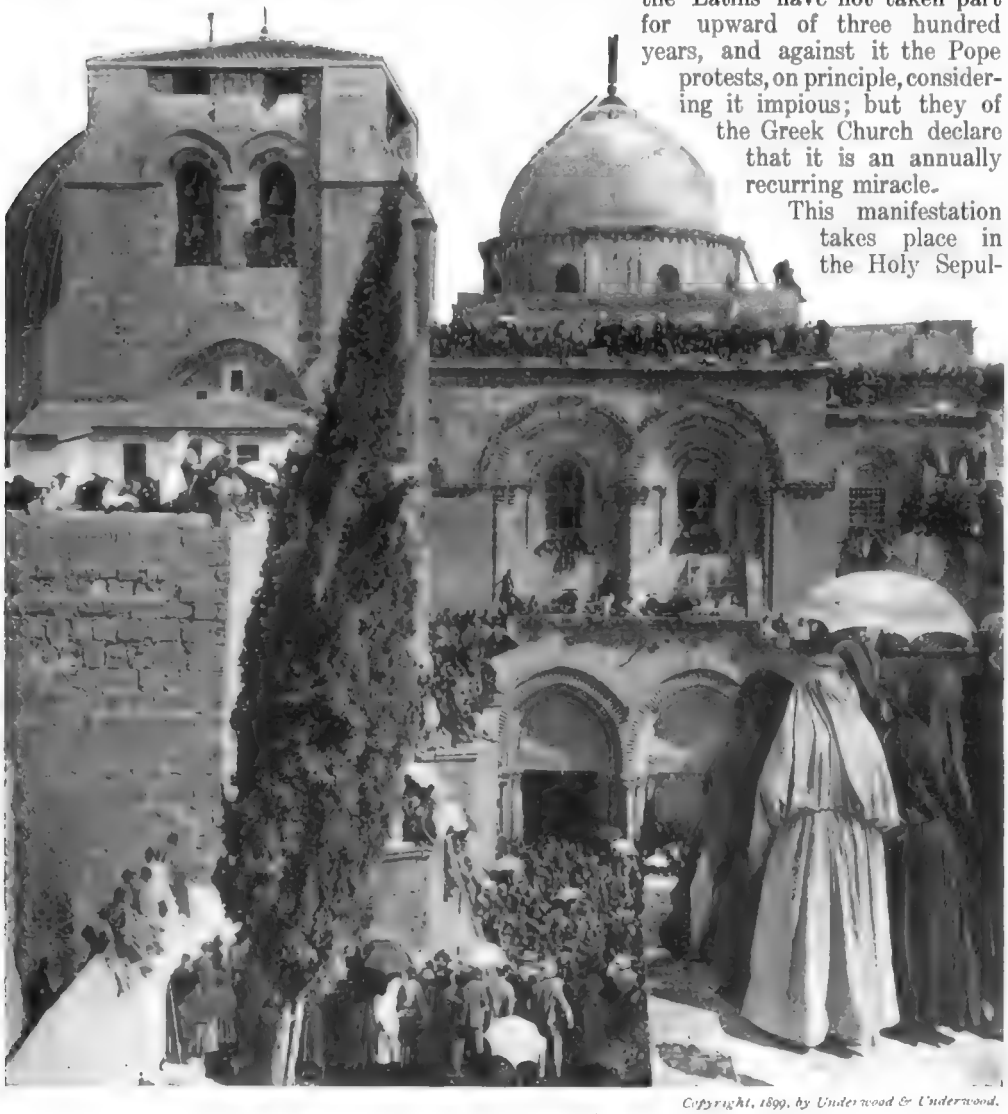
In the open space before the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is unending tumult and confusion. Here relics are sold by ragged fakirs—bits of the cup from which Christ drank at the last supper and threads of the robe of John the Well-Beloved. Here also candles may be bought for the ceremony of the Holy Fire, and cakes of incense, flecked with gold, rosaries and crucifixes, fruits and sticky sweets. Around these booths the pilgrims flock: Armenians, Russians, Copts, Poles, Greeks, Syrians, Turks, Jews, Europeans—and an Anglo-Saxon face looks strangely out of place in such a scene—old men with snowy beards, led by sons or grandsons; children, half-naked, with matted hair and sore eyes—each one contributing his quota to the din. During the warm season night is a favorite time for travelling in Palestine. So all through the hours of darkness they come, with the glare of torches, the trampling of many feet, the moaning of camels; often with the weird, wailing music of the East, adding their numbers to the multitude.

The ceremony of the Holy Fire is the most remarkable of all rites performed within the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. In this the Latins have not taken part for upward of three hundred years, and against it the Pope protests, on principle, considering it impious; but they of the Greek Church declare that it is an annually recurring miracle. This manifestation takes place in the Holy Sepul-



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EASTER SERVICES AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER, JERUSALEM.

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COPTIC PILGRIMS FROM EGYPT BATHING IN THE JORDAN.

THE PILGRIMAGE

The ceremony at Cairo among

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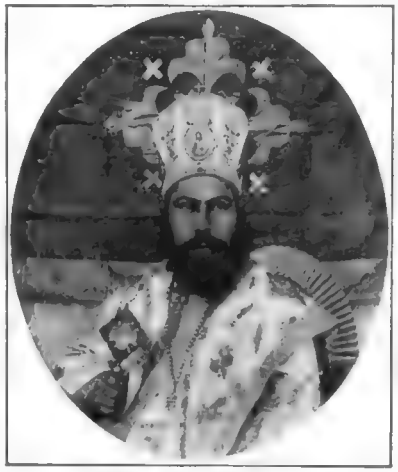
cher promptly at two o'clock on the afternoon of Holy Saturday. The church is crowded nearly to suffocation. All lights are carefully extinguished. The Greek patriarch opens the services by circling three times around the sepulcher, followed by his bishops clad in richest robes. Next come the Copts, marching in like manner. All pray fervently that the fire may be sent down. The patriarch enters the sepulcher, alone. For an instant all is dark; then through holes in the walls of the sepulcher light shines suddenly. There is a rush forward. Priests, standing before the holes in the walls, hand in candles and receive them back lighted. These are carried to the various chapels. Then every soul in the jam of eager worshipers must have his candle "blessed with flame." The holy fire is carried to Bethlehem, to Nazareth, all over Palestine, by chosen messengers on lean racing camels.



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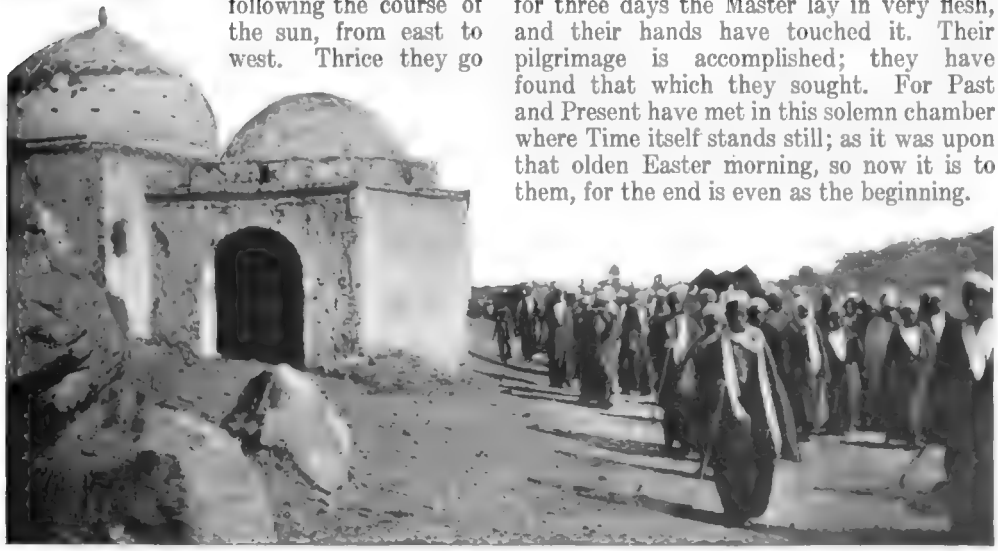
THE HEAD OF THE COPTIC CHURCH.

On Easter Day comes the great Circuit of the Sepulcher, made by Greek and Roman Catholic alike. Seven times they circle it, following the course of the sun, from east to west. Thrice they go slowly, four times at a quick trot; and children stumble and whimper, hurt by those who overrun them; and old men, stiff with age, hurry painfully with the crowd and are pushed aside and left behind.

And always is a continual stream of worshipers coming to and from the Holy of Holies, the tomb itself. This is the spot where for a thousand years kings and queens, knights and princes, have knelt and offered homage. So small it is that only three may enter at a time, scarcely six feet square, with half this space filled up by the sarcophagus—a white marble slab, cracked across, resting upon another slab three feet in height. Many lamps of gold and silver hang above the marble shelf; from these a dim light drifts down upon it and shows the Greek priest keeping silent guard, the line of pilgrims advancing one by one, dragging themselves close, wholly overcome and sobbing even as little children, as though their hearts would break. It is the holiest spot in all the world, and their eyes have seen it; it is the place where for three days the Master lay in very flesh, and their hands have touched it. Their pilgrimage is accomplished; they have found that which they sought. For Past and Present have met in this solemn chamber where Time itself stands still; as it was upon that olden Easter morning, so now it is to them, for the end is even as the beginning.



TO CALVARY.

the Copts at Eastertime.

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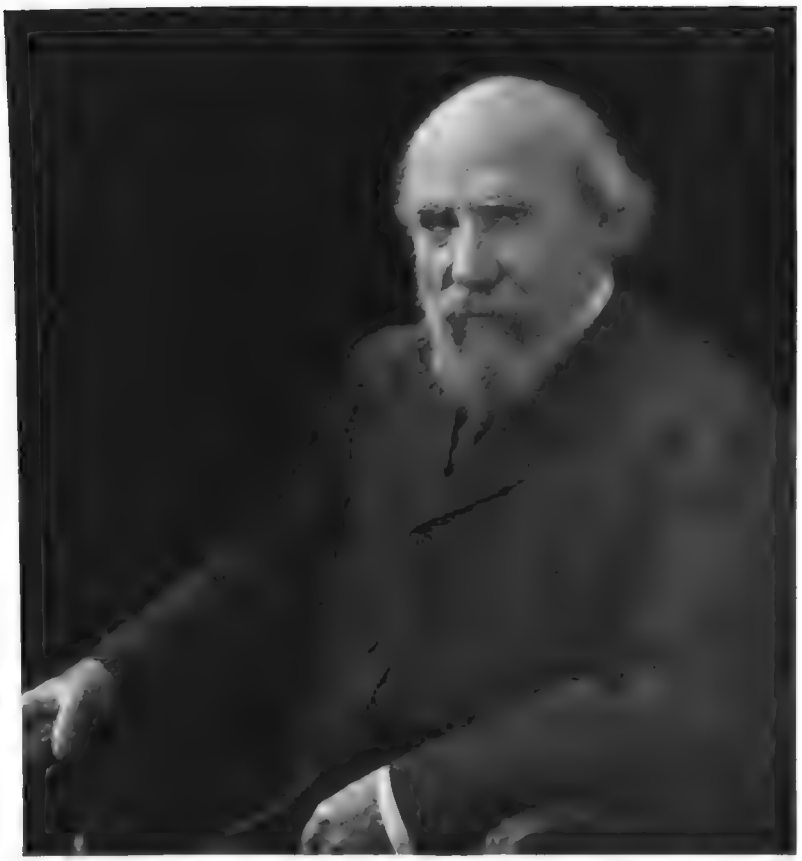
JAMES J. HILL.
President of the Great Northern Railway.



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THE FIRST RAILWAY MERGER.

The True Story of the Origin of the Community of Interest Idea.

By Earl D. Berry.

"A CRISIS in the affairs of the railroads of the United States threatens us!" said Chairman Chauncey M. Depew, "and wise judgment and prompt action will be necessary to avert it."

Fully twoscore of the representative railroad men of this country heard these words and nodded assent. It was the afternoon of November 4, 1898, and the chief executive officers of the trunk line railroads and their western connections were assembled to formally dissolve the Joint Traffic Association, which had been declared illegal by the United States Supreme Court.

For nearly three years this careful, designed combination for the regulation and maintenance of railroad rates had operated in a manner satisfactory, in the main, to the owners and managers of more than 50,000 miles of railroads traversing the thickly populated territory west of New York and Boston and east of Chicago and St. Louis.

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This organization—the practical outcome of a quarter of a century of experimental compacts between the railroads—had been effective in reducing rate-cutting to a minimum, and it had brought the presidents and general managers of nine great groups of railroads into harmonious relationship. These groups were: the Vanderbilt lines; the Pennsylvania lines; the Baltimore & Ohio system; Chesapeake & Ohio system (then including the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad, or "Big Four"); the Erie Railroad; the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; the Lehigh Valley; the Wabash and the Grand Trunk.

George B. Roberts, the head of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, was Chairman of the Joint Traffic Association until his death, when he was succeeded by Chauncey M. Depew, who was then, and still is, chairman of the boards of directors of most of the Vanderbilt lines. Both of these experienced railroad men had an abiding faith in the efficiency of the new organization, not only to eradicate the rate-cutting evil, but also to cope with other serious problems relative to the development and interchange of railroad traffic.

William K. Vanderbilt, the acknowledged head of the 10,000 miles of Vanderbilt lines, and a progressive spirit in railroad affairs generally, was a cordial supporter of the Joint Traffic Association, as also were J. Pierpont Morgan, George J. Gould, William Rockefeller, S. R. Callaway, E. B. Thomas, Samuel Sloan, Thomas P. Fowler, Frank Thompson, John K. Cowen, H. B. Leydard, George F. Baer, W. H. Newman, and others, who regarded it as an instrument for the restoration of normal earning power to each of the railroads concerned.

Attorneys for the United States Government, however, found a fatal weakness in this railroad agreement, and although James C. Carter and other eminent counsel fought valiantly to preserve the organization, it was adjudged to be in conflict with the Interstate Commerce law and with the Sherman Anti-trust act. The United States Supreme Court said in effect to the railroad companies: "You must not enter into any agreements with each other in matters affecting the transportation of freight or passengers."

Without any delay the members of the Joint Traffic Association took steps to obey the mandate of the highest Federal tribunal, and the morning of November 5, 1898, found more than sixty separate railroads, that had been working in unison, segregated and each one preparing to "go gunning" on its own account in the field of transportation.

The outlook was dreary and disheartening to the capitalists, who had scores of millions of dollars invested in the railroads. Years of experience had taught them that without the restraint of organization the railroads, big and little, were certain to be drawn into a profitless scramble for freight and passenger business. Rates would be cut right and left; net earnings would decrease; dividends would disappear and the value of railroad securities would depreciate. And this deplorable condition of affairs, it was feared, was likely to spread to every railroad system in the country.

Surely something could be done to avert a financial catastrophe. The men of millions held counsel among themselves. W. K. Vanderbilt, J. Pierpont Morgan and President A. J. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, got together in the Winter of 1898-9, and the "community of interest" idea took shape. Mr. Depew, voicing the sentiments of the Vanderbilt party, said to the newspaper reporters: "Nothing remains but for the stronger railroads to buy up the weaker ones. We cannot make pools nor traffic compacts. If railroad profits are to be obtained and the value of about $18,000,000,000 of railroad securities in this country are to be protected, there will have to be a concentration of control. Community of ownership appears to be the only solution of the difficulty."

Frequent conferences were held in New York and Philadelphia before any definite disclosure was made of the "community of interest" scheme. President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania lines, spent the greater part of one day in the Vanderbilts' private offices in the Grand Central Station, and there the terms of an unprecedented and far-reaching plan of coöperation in railway control were finally agreed upon. At this conference were Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Cassatt, J. Pierpont Morgan, William Rockefeller, D. O. Mills, Chauncey M. Depew, H. McK. Twombley and S. R. Callaway, then President of the New York Central system. The scope of the conference was the domination of all of the railroads operating between New York and Chicago and between Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg and St. Louis.

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"We must control all of this territory," said Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Yes, as a matter of self-protection and in the interest of uniform and stable rates," said Mr. Cassatt.

"It will be necessary to buy some large blocks of stock," suggested Mr. Morgan.

"The Vanderbilt roads will unite with the Pennsylvania lines in joint purchases of railroads that otherwise might be disturbing factors," said Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Our people are willing to coöperate along those lines," answered President Cassatt.

Here was the basis for coöperative action. The general proposition had been informally discussed previously, and it did not take long for the sagacious financiers composing the conference to outline the major details. When the luncheon hour came, such progress had been made that Mr. Morgan slipped away and went to his Wall Street office, leaving the *confreres* in a genial frame of mind. Momentous affairs gave way for half an hour to anecdote and flashes of wit, during which the Messrs. Depew and Cassatt had a merry tilt. Indicative of the readiness of the keen financial mind to enjoy occasional relaxation, is the fact that for awhile all thought of railroad matters was forgotten on this occasion in a spirited discussion over the proper compounding of chicken curry.

Photographed by Phillips, Philadelphia.

ALEXANDER J. CASSATT.

President of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

This is a dish regarding which both Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Cassatt are connoisseurs.

There was no written contract between the Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania interests. It was mutually agreed that these two systems should work in harmony and stand together as sponsors for the good behavior of all of the railroads in the territory heretofore described. Mr. Morgan was an important party to this understanding. Very soon after the conference at the Grand Central Station, Wall Street learned that control of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad

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had been purchased jointly by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central. The stock thus acquired was withdrawn from the market and locked up in the respective vaults of the purchasing companies. For a number of years the Chesapeake & Ohio had been a disturber of rate conditions because of its aggressive policy in seeking freight traffic. It is a system increased sufficiently to insure undisputed control of those properties. The New York Central meanwhile built the Beech Creek Extension Railroad, sixty miles long, completing an important division in the coal and timber region of Pennsylvania.

In furtherance of the community of interest idea, William Rockefeller and other members of his family secured a dominating

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WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT.
Head of the Vanderbilt System.

of about 1,600 miles, extending through Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio.

About this time the New York Central purchased full control of the Lake Shore and the Michigan Central railroads—the latter including the Canada Southern. The Boston & Albany was leased in perpetuity by the New York Central; the Lake Erie & Western, an important feeder of the Lake Shore, was purchased, and the Vanderbilt holding of stocks in the "Big Four" and the "Nickel Plate" systems were interest in the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, and W. K. Vanderbilt became one of the largest individual stockholders in this same road. William Rockefeller, it may be mentioned, is a director of the New York Central as well as of the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

The potent influence of J. Pierpont Morgan was made manifest in diverse ways. He controlled the Erie Railroad, and brought about an arrangement by which the control of the Lehigh Valley was apportioned between the Vanderbilts, the Erie Railroad,

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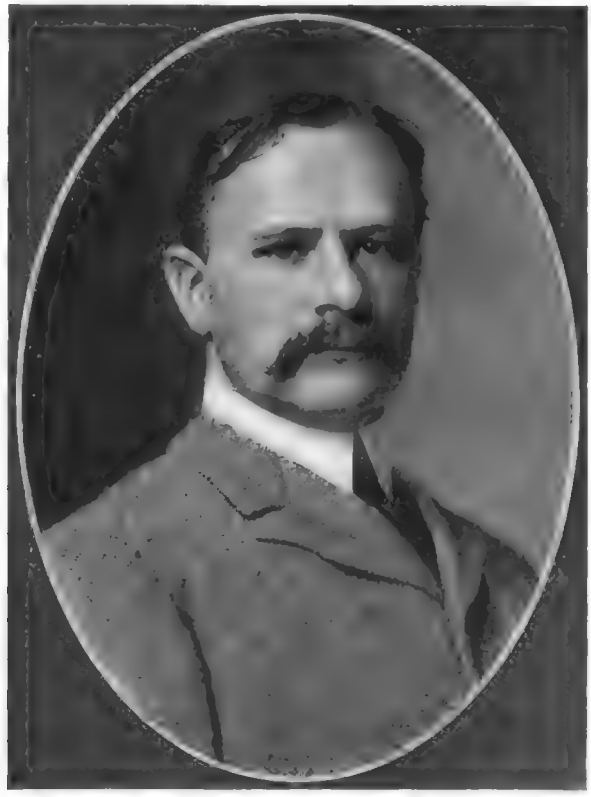
the Lackawanna, the Philadelphia & Reading and the Jersey Central. In January, 1901, Mr. Morgan bought the Central Railroad of New Jersey and turned it over to the Philadelphia & Reading, which he controlled. Within the past few weeks a majority of the stock of the Reading Railroad, and coal and iron properties, passed into the joint possession of the Vanderbilts and the Pennsylvania Railroad interests.

A generous policy has marked the operations of the Pennsylvania Railroad in helping to draw the community of interest lines closer and closer. The Western New York & Pennsylvania Railroad was bought outright. A little more than one-half of the stock of the Long Island Railroad was bought with the expectation that the New York Central would share in the purchase. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, did not care to become a partner in this transaction. With the aid of affiliated interests the Pennsylvania management obtained enough of the stock of the Baltimore & Ohio and of the Norfolk & Western railroad companies to give it practical control of those properties. The Vanderbilts and the Rockefellers have within the past two years become large holders of Pennsylvania Railroad securities, a fact which is corroborative, in a measure, of Senator Depew's public statements that the Vanderbilts have in no way opposed the entrance of the Pennsylvania road into New York City.



GEORGE J. GOULD.
Head of the Missouri Pacific System in the Southwest.

While the community of interest idea has made some headway among the railways of the West, it has had its most satisfactory development east of Chicago and St. Louis, where the Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania interests are dominant. These two interests now control about 55,000 miles of standard railroads, which is a little more than one-quarter of the total railroad mileage of the United States. This one-quarter of the aggregate railroad mileage, however, extends through the most densely populated sections

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of this country, and it pays about one-half of the $650,000,000 which the Interstate Commerce Commission reports is paid annually in wages to railway employees in the United States. Another financial fact worthy of note is that the group of railroads within the sphere of the eastern community of interest represent about $6,700,000,000 of the $18,000,000,000 of combined capitalization and funded indebtedness of all of the railroads in the country.

As the process of evolution and expansion goes on among the half-dozen great railroad systems of the far West, it becomes more and more apparent that geographical considerations are likely to circumscribe the development of the community of interest idea in that vast area for some years to come. Railway interests west of the Mississippi River are so widely distributed and so different in character that the methods followed in the East in the concentration of control have not been found to be effective in the larger territorial field. Half a dozen powerful influences are at work in the West, each striving strenuously to build up a railroad system stronger than any of its competitors. The three most conspicuous figures in this striving are James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman and George J. Gould.

President James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, is the western pioneer of the community of interest idea. Having created a prosperous railroad system out of originally poor material, he bent his energies to the protection of that prosperous system by getting control of rival lines. His attempt to consolidate the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific was frustrated because of restrictive legislation in the northwestern States. Mr. Hill and his friends thereupon purchased, individually, a large interest in the Northern Pacific, and with the sanction of J. Pierpont Morgan, who directly controlled that property, he negotiated the purchase of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy system of 8,125 miles of railroad for the joint interest of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific companies. This, with the Great Northern's 5,500 miles and the Northern Pacific's 5,750 miles, made a combined system of 19,375 miles in operation under practically one management.

Thus did James J. Hill establish a railroad community of interest in the great Northwest. The ultimate success of his endeavors depends largely on the outcome of the litigation against the Northern Securities Company, which Mr. Hill and Mr. Morgan organized to permanently hold the capital shares of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific companies. If the Federal courts uphold the legality of this corporation of $400,000,000, the Morgan-Hill interests will be all-powerful in the railroad field of the Northwest.

E. H. Harriman, the head of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific systems, also is a believer in the community of interest idea. He has been working along that line ever since he obtained control of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, a little more than ten years ago. He now has an influential if not a controlling voice in the management of 20,500 miles of transportation lines, including Southern Pacific, 9,585 miles; Union Pacific, 5,650; Illinois Central, 4,265; and the Chicago & Alton, 1,000 miles. Although Mr. Harriman has spent the greater part of his business career in Wall Street, it is only within the last eight or ten years that he has developed as a railroad financier of the first rank. His most powerful associate and ally is Jacob H. Schiff, head of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, in New York. President James Stillman, of the National City Bank, and George J. Gould are fellow directors of Mr. Harriman in the Union Pacific board.

Aggressiveness and tenacity are two strongly developed qualities in Mr. Harriman's business character. He objected most earnestly to the acquisition of the Burlington system by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific. The Burlington parallels the Union Pacific lines in several places, and Mr. Harriman asked James J. Hill to allow the Union Pacific to share in the purchase of the Burlington. Mr. Hill's blunt refusal to grant this request led to one of the most stupendous and exciting financial battles that Wall Street has ever seen. Harriman, Schiff and Stillman started in to wrest the control of the Northern Pacific away from the Morgan-Hill party. They succeeded in buying about $75,000,000 worth of this stock, which jumped within two days from $130 to $1,000 a share. The stock was cornered, and a stock market panic was averted only by the promptness with which an agreement was reached between Mr. Harriman and his associates and J. P. Morgan & Co. Concessions were

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made by the Morgan-Hill party, and the Messrs. Harriman and Schiff turned over $75,000,000 of the stock of the Northern Pacific Company to the Northern Securities Company, in the management of which they were given representation.

In consequence of his large ownership of the stock of the Northern Securities Company, E. H. Harriman is interested with Mr. Hill and Mr. Morgan in preserving a community of interest between the transcontinental lines. Friendly relations also exist between Mr. Harriman and W. K. Vanderbilt, who is a holder of Union Pacific securities to a considerable amount. Members of the Vanderbilt family are likewise interested in the Illinois Central Railroad, and the Vanderbilt influence controls the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, which for many years has been the eastern outlet of the Union Pacific system.

George J. Gould occupies a peculiar position in the railroad affairs of this country. While encouraging a community of interest in the Southwest, where his Missouri Pacific system (including Denver & Rio Grande) spreads its 8,000 miles of line, he is fighting the Pennsylvania Railroad in the East, and is making Pacific Coast alliances with new

E. H. HARRIMAN.
Head of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Systems.

competitors of the Union Pacific, although he is a director of the last-named company. Notwithstanding his determination to extend his Wabash system eastward to the Atlantic coast, and his independent attitude toward the competitors of the Missouri Pacific system, Mr. Gould is an avowed advocate of such community of interest, or commonality of railroad ownership, as will secure the maintenance of uniform and stable rates for both freight and passenger traffic.

With the absorption of the Plant System and the Louisville & Nashville Railroad by the Atlantic Coast Line, which is controlled by interests friendly to J. Pierpont Morgan, who controls the great Southern Railway system, the outlook for a community of interests among the railroads of the South becomes particularly bright.

The trend of railroad events is undoubtedly toward concentration of control in every direction. Railroads in this country are apparently destined to combine in territorial groups, and each group will undoubtedly be dominated by the representative of family millions like the Vanderbilts, the Goulds or the Rockefellers, or by the head of a powerful syndicate or corporation like E. H. Harriman or A. J. Cassatt.

Thus far the development of the community of interest idea has necessitated the issue of nearly $1,200,000,000 of new railroad securities. Of these securities $620,000,000 were issued in the formation of the Northern Securities Company and for the purchase of the Burlington system by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific companies. The Pennsylvania Railroad has already increased its obligations more than $150,000,000, and the Vanderbilts have added something over $80,000,000 to the liabilities of their various properties.

As an instance of the broad and quick financiering essential in the evolution of a community of interest may be cited James J. Hill's account of how he bought the Burlington. "Mr. Morgan and myself," said he, "concluded that to properly protect the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific roads in the Northwest Territory it would be necessary to control either the St. Paul or the Burlington systems. The St. Paul people would not sell. I found that I could get all of the Burlington stock for $200 a share. The floating stock was selling in the open market for about $167 per share. I told Mr. Morgan what I could do."

"'We must have the road,' said Mr. Morgan. 'Buy it.'

"'It will cost $220,000,000,' I remarked.

"'Buy it,' repeated Mr. Morgan.

"And it was bought."

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Grettir at Thorhall-stead

By Frank Norris
Author of "The Octopus," "Mc Teague," etc.

I—Glamr.

THORHALL the bonder had been to the great Thingvalla, or annual fair of Iceland, to engage a shepherd, and was now returning. It had been a good two-days' journey home, for his shaggy little pony, though sure footed, was slow. For the better part of three hours on the evening of the second day he had been picking his way cautiously among the great boulders of black basalt that encumbered the path. At length, on the summit of a low hill, he brought the little animal to a standstill and paused a moment, looking off to the northward, a smile of satisfaction spreading over his broad, sober face. For he had just passed the white stone that marked the boundary of his own land. Below him opened the little valley named the Vale of Shadows, and in its midst, overshadowed by a single Norway pine, black, wind-distorted, was the stone farmhouse, the byre, Thorhall's home.

Only an Icelander could have found pleasure in that prospect. It was dreary beyond expression. Save only for the deformed pine, tortured and warped by its unending battle with the wintry gales, no other tree relieved the monotony of the landscape. To the west, mountains barred the horizon—volcanic mountains, gashed, cragged, basaltic, and still blackened with primeval fires. Bare of vegetation they were—somber, solitary, empty of life. To the eastward, low, rolling sand dunes, sprinkled thinly with gorse, bore down to the sea. They shut off a view of the shore, but farther on the horizon showed itself, a bitter, inhospitable waste of gray water, blotted by fogs and murk and sudden squalls. Though the shore was invisible, it none the less asserted itself. With the rushing of the wind was mingled the prolonged, everlasting thunder of the surf, while the taint of salt, of decaying kelp, of fish, of seaweed, of all the pungent aromas of the sea, pervaded the air on every hand.

Black gulls, sharply defined against the

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gray sky, slanted in long tacking flights hither and thither over sea and land. The raucous bark of the seal hunting mackerel off the shore made itself occasionally heard. Otherwise there was no sign of life. Veils of fine rain, half fog, drove across the scene between ocean and mountain. The wind blew incessantly from off the sea with a steady and uninterrupted murmur

Thorhall rode on, inclining his head against the gusts and driving wind. Soon he had come to the farmhouse. The servants led the pony to the stables and in the doorway Thorhall found his wife waiting for him. They embraced one another and—for they were pious folk—thanked God for the bonder's safe journey and speedy return. Before the roaring fire of drift that evening Thorhall told his wife of all that had passed at the Thingvalla, of the wrestling, and of the stallion fights.

"And did you find a shepherd to your liking?" asked his wife.

"Yes; a great fellow with white teeth and black hair. Rather surly, I believe, but strong as a troll. He promised to be with me by the beginning of the Winter night. His name is Glamr."

But the Summer passed, the sun dipped below the horizon not to reappear for six months, the Winter night drew on, snow buried all the landscape, hurricanes sharp as boar-spears descended upon the Vale of Shadows; in their beds the dwellers in the byre heard the grind and growl of the great bergs careering onward through the ocean, and many a night the howl of hunger-driven wolves startled Thorhall from his sleep; yet Glamr did not come.

Then at length and of a sudden he appeared; and Thorhall on a certain evening, called hastily by a frightened servant, beheld the great figure of him in the midst of the kitchen floor, his eyebrows frosted yet scowling, his white teeth snapping with cold, while in a great hoarse voice, like the grumble of a bear, he called for meat and drink.

From thenceforward Glamr became a member of Thorhall's household. Yet seldom was he found in the byre. By day he was away with the sheep; by night he slept in the stables. The servants were afraid of him, though he rarely addressed them a word. He was not only feared, but disliked. This aversion was partly explained by Glamr's own peculiar disposition—gloomy, solitary, uncanny, and partly by a fact that came to light within the first month of his coming to the Vale of Shadows.

He was an unbeliever. Never did his broad bulk darken the lich-gate of the kirk; the knolling of matin and vesper-bell put him in a season of even deeper gloom than usual. It was noticed that he could not bear to look upon a cross; the priest he abhorred as a pestilence. On holy days he kept far from home, absenting himself upon one pretext or another, withdrawing up into the chasms and gorges of the hills.

So passed the first months of the Winter.

Christmas Day came, and Christmas Night. It was bitter, bitter cold. Snow had fallen since second cockcrow the day before, and as night closed in such a gale as had not been known for years gathered from off the Northern Ocean and whirled shrieking over the Vale of Shadows. All day long Glamr was in the hills with the sheep, and even above the roaring of the wind his bell-toned voice had occasionally been heard as he called and shouted to his charges. At candle-lighting time he had not returned. The bonder and his family busked themselves to attend the Christmas mass.

Some two hours later they were returning. The wind was going down, but even yet shreds of torn seaweed and scud of foam, swept up by the breath of the gale, drove landward across the valley. The clouds overhead were breaking up, and between their galloping courses one saw the sky, the stars glittering like hoar frost.

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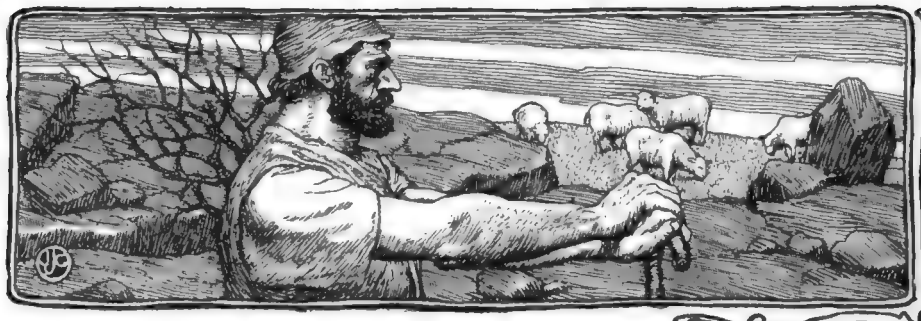

The bonder's party drew near the farmhouse, and the servants, going before with lanthorns and pine torches, undid the fastenings of the gate. The wind lapsed suddenly, and in the stillness between two gusts the plunge of the surf made itself heard.

Then all at once Thorhall and his wife stopped and her hand clutched quickly at his wrist.

"Hark! what was that?"

What, indeed? Was it an echo of the storm sounding hollow and faint from some thunder-split crag far off there in those hills toward which all eyes were suddenly turned; was it the cry of a wolf, the clamor of a falcon, or was it the horrid scream of human agony and fury, vibrating to a hoarse and bell-like note that sounded familiar in their ears?

"Glamr! Where is Glamr?" shouted Thorhall, as he entered the byre. But those few servants who had been left in charge of the house reported he had not yet returned.

Night passed and no Glamr; and in the morning the search-party set out toward the hills. Half way up the slope, the sheep —a few of them—were found, scattered, half buried in drifts; then a dog, dead and frozen hard as wood. From it led a track up into the higher mountains, a strange track indeed, not human certainly, yet whether of wolf or bear no one could determine. Some had started to follow when a lad who had looked behind the shoulder of a great rock raised a cry.

There was the body of Glamr. The shepherd was stretched upon his back, dead, rigid. The open eyes were glazed, the face livid; the tongue protruding from the mouth had been bitten through in the last agony. All about the snow was trampled down, and the bare bushes crushed and flattened out. Even the massive boulder near which the body had been found was moved a little from its place. A fearful struggle had been wrought out here, yet upon the body of Glamr was no trace of a wound, no mark of claw or hand. Only among his footprints was mingled that strange track that had been noticed before, and as before it led straight up toward the high part of the mountains.

The young men raised the body of the shepherd and the party moved off toward the kirk and the graveyard. Even though Glamr had shunned the mass, the priest might be prevailed upon to bury him in consecrated ground. But soon the young men had to pause to rest. The body was unexpectedly heavy. Once again, after stopping to breathe, they raised the bier upon their shoulders. Soon another helper was summoned, then another; even Thorhall aided. Ten strong men though they were, they staggered and trembled under that unearthly weight. Even in that icy air the perspiration streamed from them. Heavier and still heavier grew the burden; it bore them to the earth. Their knees bowed out from under them, their backs bent. They were obliged to give over.

Later in the day they returned with oxen and a sledge. They repaired to the spot where the body had been left; then stared at each other with paling faces. In the snow at their feet there was the impression made by the great frame of the

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shepherd. But that was all; the body was gone, nor was there any footprint in the snow other than they themselves had made.

A cairn was erected over the spot, and for many a long day the strange death of the shepherd of the Vale of Shadows was the talk of the country side. But about a month or so after the death of Glamr a strange sense of uneasiness seemed to invade the household of the byre. By degrees it took possession of first one and then another of the servants and family. No one spoke about this. It was not a thing that could be reduced to words, and for the matter of that, each one believed that he or she was the only one affected. This one thought himself sick; that one believed herself merely nervous. But nevertheless a certain perplexity, a certain disturbance of spirit was in the air.

One evening Thorhall and his wife met accidentally in the passage between the main body of the house and the dairy. They paused and looked at each other for no reason that they could imagine. Thus they stood for several seconds.

"Well," said Thorhall at length, "what is it?"

"Ay," responded his wife. "Ay, what *is* it?"

"Nothing," he replied; and she, echoing his words, also answered "Nothing."

Then they laughed nervously, yet still looking fixedly into each other's eyes for all that.

"I believe," said Thorhall the next day, "that I am to be sick. I cannot tell—I feel no pain—no fever—and yet——"

"And I, too," declared his wife. "I am—no, not sick—but distressed. I—I am troubled. I cannot tell what it is. I sometimes think I am *afraid*."

A week later, on a certain evening just after curfew, the whole family was aroused by a wild shriek as of some one in mortal terror. Thorhall and his wife rushed into the dairy whence the cry came and found one of the maids in a fit upon the floor.

When she recovered she cried out that she had seen at one of the windows the face of Glamr.

II-Grettir

THE cold, bright Icelandic Summer shone over Thorhall's byre and the Vale of Shadows. There was no cloud in the sky. The void and lonely ocean was indigo blue. But still the prospect was barren, inhospitable. Only a few pallid flowers, hardy bluebells and buttercups, appeared here and there on the sand dunes in the hollows beneath the gorse and bracken. In the lower hills, on the far side of the valley, a tenuous skim of verdure appeared. At times a ptarmigan fluttered in and out of the crevices of these hills searching for blueberries; at times on the surfaces of the waste of dunes a sandpiper uttered its shrill and feeble piping. Always, as ever, the wind blew from off the ocean; always, as ever, the solitary pine by the farmhouse writhed and tossed its gaunt arms; always the gorse and bracken billowed and weltered under it. The sand drifted like snow, encroaching forever upon the cultivated patches around the house. Always the surf—surge on surge—boomed and thundered on the shore, casting up broken kelp and jetsam of wreck. Always, always forever and forever, the monotony remained. The bleakness, the wild, solitary stretches of sea and sky and land turned to the eye their staring emptiness. At long intervals the figure of a servant, a herdsman or at times Thorhall himself moved—a speck of black on the illimitable gray of nature—across the landscape. Ponies, shagged, half wild, their eyes hidden under tangled forelocks, some-

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times wandered down upon the shore—their thick hair roughing in the wind—to snuff at the salty seaweeds. The males sometimes fought here on the shore, their hoofs thudding on the resounding beach, their screams mingling with the incessant roar of the breakers.

Once even, at Easter-tide, during a gale, an empty galley drove ashore, a *snekr* with dragon prow, the broken oars dangling from the thole-pins; and in the waist of her a Viking chieftain, dead, the salt rime rusting on his helmet.

With the advent of Summer the mysterious trouble at the farmhouse in the Vale of Shadows disappeared. But the fall equinox drew on, the nights became longer; soon the daylight lasted but a few hours and the sun set before it could be said to have actually risen.

As the Winter darkness descended upon the farmhouse the trouble recommenced. During the night the tread of footsteps could be heard making the rounds of the byre. The fumbling of unseen fingers could be distinguished at the locks. The low eaves of the house were seized in the grip of strong hands and wrenched and pulled till the rafters creaked. Outhouses were plucked apart and destroyed, fences uprooted. After nightfall no one dared venture abroad.

Thorhall had engaged a new shepherd, one Thorgaut, a young man, who professed himself fearless of the haunted sheep-walks and farmyard. He was as popular as Glamr had been disliked. He made love to the housemaids, helped in the butter-making and rode the children on his back. As to the Vampire, he snapped his fingers and asked only to meet him in the open.

The snow came in August, and was followed by sleet and icy rains and blotting sea-fogs. As the time went on the nightly manifestations increased. Windows were broken in; iron bars shaken and wrenched; sheep and even horses killed.

At length one night a terrible commotion broke out in the stables—the shrill squealing of the horses and the tramping and bellowing of cows, mingled with deep tones of a dreadful voice. Thorhall and his people rushed out. They found that the stable door had been riven and splintered, and they entered the stable itself across the wreckage. The cattle were goring each other, and across the stone partition between the stalls was the body of Thorgaut, the shepherd, his head upon one side, his feet on the other, and his spine snapped in twain.

. . . . . .

It chanced that about this time Grettir, well known and well beloved throughout all Iceland, came into that part of the country and one eventide drew rein at Thorhall's farmhouse. This was before Grettir had been hunted from the island by the implacable Thorbjorn, called The Hook, and driven to an asylum and practical captivity upon the rock of Drangey.

He was at this time in the prime of his youth and of a noble appearance. His shoulders were broad, his arms long, his eye a bright blue and his flaxen hair braided like a Viking's. For cloak he wore a bearskin, while as for weapons he carried nothing but a short sword.

Thorhall, as may be easily understood, welcomed the famous outlaw, but warned him of Glamr.

Grettir, however, was not to be dissuaded from remaining overnight at the byre.

"Vampire or troll, troll or vampire, here bide I till daybreak," he declared.

Yet despite the bonder's fears the night passed quietly. No sound broke the stillness but the murmur of the distant surf, no footfall sounded around the house, no fingers came groping at the doors.

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"I have never slept easier," announced Grettir in the morning.

"Good; and Heaven be praised," declared the bonder fervently.

They walked together toward the stables, Thorhall instructing Grettir as to the road he should follow that day. As they drew near, Grettir whistled for his horse, but no answering whicker responded.

"How is this?" he muttered, frowning.

Thorhall and the outlaw hurried into the building, and Grettir, who was in the advance, stopped stock-still in the midst of the floor and swore a great oath.

His horse lay prone in the straw of his stall, his eyeballs protruding, the foam stiff upon his lips. He was dead. Grettir approached and examined him. Between shoulder and withers, the back—as if it had been a wheat-straw—was broken.

"Never mind," cried the bonder eagerly, "I have another animal for you, a piebald stallion of Norway stock, just the beast for your weight. Here is your saddle. On with it. Up you go and a speedy journey to you."

"Never!" exclaimed Grettir, his blue eyes flashing. "Here will I stay till I meet Glamr face to face. No man did me an injury that he did not rue it. I sleep at the byre another night."

Dark as a wolf's mouth, silent as his footfalls, the night closed down. There was no moon as yet, but the heavens were bright. Steadily as the blast of some great huntsman's horn, the wind held from the northeast. The sand skimming over the dunes and low hills near the coast was caught up and carried landward and drifted in at crevice and door-chink of the farmhouse. A young seal—lost, no doubt, from the herd that had all day been feeding in the offing—barked and barked incessantly from a rock in the breakers. In the pine tree by the house a huge night-bird, owl or hawk, stirred occasionally with a prolonged note. By and by the weather grew colder, the ground began to freeze and crack. Inside in the main hall of the house, covered by his bearskin cloak, Grettir lay wakeful and watching. He reclined in such a manner—his head pillowed on his arm—that he could see the door. At the other end of the hall the fire of drift was dying down upon the flags. On the other side of the partition, in the next room, lay the bonder, alternately dozing and waking.

The time passed heavily, slowly. From far off toward the shore could be heard the lost seal raising from time to time his hoarse, sobbing bark.

Then at length a dog howled, and an instant after the bonder spoke aloud. He had risen from his bed and stood in the door of his room.

"Hark! Did you not hear something?"

"I hear the barking of the seal," said Grettir, "the baying of the hound, the cry of the night-bird, and the break of the surges; nothing else."

"No. This was a footstep. There. Listen!"

A heavy footfall sounded crunching in the snow from without and close by. It passed around and in front of the house; and the wooden shutter of a window of the hall was plucked at and shaken. Then an outhouse was attacked—a shed where in Summer time the calves were fed. Grettir could hear the snap and rasp of splintering boards.

"It has a strong arm," he muttered.

Once more the tread encircled the house. In a very short time it sounded again in the front of the byre.

"It has a long stride," said Grettir.

The tread ceased. For a long moment there was silence, while the scurrying sand rattled delicately against the house like minute hailstones. Suddenly a corner eave was seized. Something tugged at it, wrenching, and the thatch gave with the long swish of rent linen.

"It has a tall figure," said Grettir.

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For nearly a quarter of an hour these different sounds continued, now distinct, now confused, now distant, now near at hand. Suddenly from overhead there came a jar and a crash, and Grettir felt the dust from the rafters descend upon his face; the Vampire was on the roof. But soon he leaped down and now the footsteps came straight to the door of the hall. The door itself was gripped with colossal strength. In the crescent-shaped openings of the upper panels a hand appeared, black against the faint outside light, groping, picking. It seized upon the edge of the board in the lower bend of the crescent and pulled. The board gave way, ripped to the very door-sill; then an arm followed the hand, reaching for one of the two iron bars with which the door was fenced. Evidently it could not find these, for the effort was soon abandoned and another panel was split and torn away. The cross-panel followed, the nails shrieking as they were drawn from out the wood. Then at last the door, shattered to its very hinges, gave way, leaving only the bars set in the stone sockets of the jamb, and against the square of gray light of the entrance stood, silhouetted, the figure of a monster. Stood but for a moment, for almost at once the bars were pulled out.

The Vampire was within the house, the light from the smoldering logs illuminating the face.

Glamr's face was livid. The pupils of the eyes were white, the hair matted and thick. The whole figure was monstrously enlarged, bulked like a *jotun*, and the vast hands, white as those of the drowned, swung heavily at his sides.

Once in the hall, he stood for a long moment looking from side to side, then moved slowly forward, reaching his great arms overhead, feeling and fumbling with the roof-beams with his fingers, and guiding himself thus from beam to beam.

Grettir, watching, alert, never moved, but lay in his place, his eyes fixed upon the monster.

But at length Glamr made out the form stretched upon the couch and came up and laid hold of a flap of the bearskin under Grettir's shoulders and tugged at it. But Grettir, bracing his feet against the footboard of the couch, held back with all his strength. Glamr seized the flap in both hands and set his might to the pull, till the

tough hide fetched away, and he staggered back, the corner of skin still in his grip. He looked at it stupidly, wondering, bewildered.

Then suddenly the bonder, listening from within his bolted door, heard the muffled crashing shock of the onset. The rafters cracked, the byre shook, the shutters rocked in their grooves, and Grettir, eyes alight, hair flying like a torch, thews rigid as iron, leaped to the attack.

Down upon the hero's arms came the numbing, crushing grip of the dead man's might. One instant of that inhuman embrace and Grettir knew that now peril of his life was toward. Never in all his days of battle and strength had such colossal might risen to match his own. Back bore the wrestlers, back, back toward the sides of the hall. Benches ironed to the wall were overturned, wrenched like paper from their fastenings. The great table crashed and splintered beneath their weight. The floor split with their tramping, and the fire was scattered upon the hearth. Now forward, now back, from side to side and from end to end of the wrecked hall drove the fight. Great of build though the fighters were, huge of bone, big of muscle, they yet leaped and writhed with the agility, the rapidity of young lambs.

But fear was not in Grettir. Never in his life had he been afraid. Only anger shook him, and fine, above-board fury, and the iron will to beat his enemy.

All at once Grettir, his arms gripped about the Vampire's middle, his head beneath the arm-

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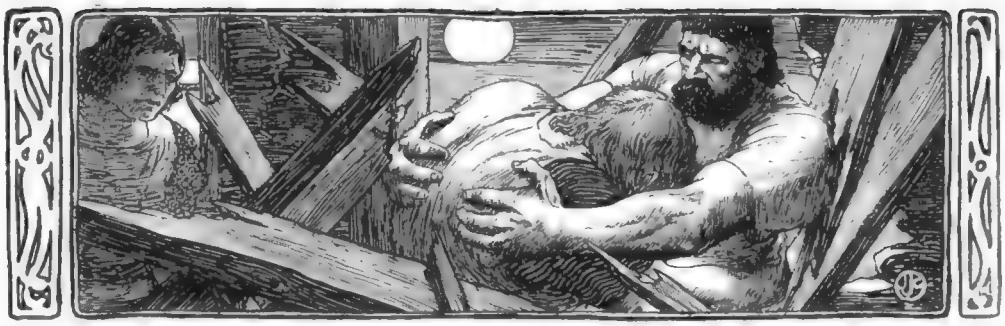

pit, realized that the creature was dragging him toward the door. He fought back from this till the effort sent the blood surging in his ears, for he knew well that ill as the fight had fared within the house it must go worse without. But it was all one that he braced his feet against the broken benches, the wreck of the table, the every unevenness of the floor. The Vampire had gripped him close and dragged and clutched and heaved at his body, so that the white nails drove into his flesh, and the embrace of those arms of steel shut in the ribs till the breath gushed from the nostrils in long gasps of agony.

And now they swayed and grappled in the doorway. Grettir's back was bent like a bow, and Grettir's arms at fullest stretch strained to their sockets, till it seemed as though the very tendons must tear from off the bones. And ever the foul thing above him drew him farther and yet farther from out the entrance-way of the house.

"God save you, Grettir!" cried the bonder, "God save you, brave man and true. Never was such fight as this in all Iceland. Are you spent, Grettir?"

Muffled under the arms of his foe, the voice of Grettir shouted: "Stand from us. I am much spent, but I fear not."

Then with the words, feeling the half-sunk stone of the threshold beneath his feet, he bowed his knees, and with his shoulder against the Vampire's breast drove, not, as hitherto, back, but forward, and that with all the power of limb and loin.

The Vampire reeled from the attack. His shoulder crashed against the outer doorcase, and with that gigantic shock the roof burst asunder. Down crushed and roared the frozen thatch, and then in that hideous ruin of splintering rafters, grinding stones and wreck of panel and beam the Vampire fell backward and prone to the ground, while Grettir toppled down upon him till his face was against the dead man's face, his eye to his dead eye, his forehead against his front, and the gray bristle of his beard between his teeth.

The moon was bright outside, and all at once, lighted by her rays, Grettir for the first time saw the Vampire's face.

Then the soul of him shrank and sank, and the fear that all his days he had not known leaped to life in his heart. Terror of that glare of the dead man's gaze caught him by the throat, till his grip relaxed, and his strength dwindled away and he crouched there motionless but for his trembling, looking, looking into those blind, white, dead eyes.

And then the Vampire began to speak:

"Eagerly hast thou striven to match thyself with me, and ill hast thou done this night. Now thou art weak with the fear and the rigor of this fight, yet never henceforth shalt thou be stronger than at this moment. Till now thou hast won much fame by great deeds, yet henceforth ill-luck shall follow thee and woe and man-slayings and untoward fortune. Outlawed shalt thou be, and thy lot shall be cast in lands far from thine home. Alone shalt thou dwell, and in that loneliness, this weird I lay upon thee: Ever to see these eyes with thine eyes, till the terror of the Dark shall come upon thee and the fear of night, and the twain shall drag thee to thy death and thy undoing."

As the voice ceased, Grettir's wits and strength returned, and suddenly seizing the hair of the creature in one hand and his short sword in the other, he hewed off the head.

But within the heart of him he knew that the Vampire had said true words, and as he stood looking down upon the great body of his enemy and saw the glazed and fish-like eyes beneath the lids, he could for one instant look ahead to the days of his life yet to be, to

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the ill-fortune that should dog him from henceforth, and knew that at the gathering of each night's dusk the eyes of Glamr would look into his.

Thorhall came out when the fight was done, praising God for the issue, and he and Grettir together burned the body and, wrapping the ashes in a skin, buried them in a far corner of the sheep-walks.

In the morning Thorhall gave Grettir the piebald horse and new clothes and set him a mile on his road. They rode through the Vale of Shadows and kissed each other farewell on the shore where the road led away toward Waterdale.

The clouds had gathered again during the dawn and the rain was falling, driven landward by the incessant wind. The seals again barked and hunted in the offing, and the rough-haired ponies once more wandered about on the beach snuffing at the kelp and seaweed.

Long time Thorhall stood on the ridge watching the figure of Grettir grow small and indistinct in the waste of north country and under the blur of the rain. Then at last he turned back to the byre.

But Grettir after these things rode on to Biarg, to his mother's house, and sat at home through the winter.

DAYS IN THE LIVES OF GREAT AMERICANS.*

MONROE DECLARES THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

I.

IT is a morning without a fault, this November morning of 1823—one of your crystal, cut-glass mornings, with never a cloud to stain the sky—a morning when summer and winter would seem to meet with autumn in conference over boundaries. Washington City is just turning and stretching and rubbing the cobwebs from its eyes after a summer's sleep, and arousing to that renewal of life and its activities which ever precedes the beginning of a Congress.

Down the long walk from the White House comes a gentleman whose high-bred air would mark him as one of consequence. No longer young, with his threescore years and five, there are still a swing and a spring as he steps upon the gravel which tell the tale of health in hand and vigor unabated. His face is handsome and clean, with strong angles at jaw and cheek-bone, and a nose, hooked and large—the nose Napoleon demanded of a marshal of France. The eye is gray and thoughtful, and goes handsomely with the full, consistent brow—broad but not high. Of middle size, but strong and quick and well set up, there is over all a military effect in our gentleman which the lines of the face in no wise diminish. Withal, this warrior look should be natural enough in a lineal descendant of the cavalier Hector Monroe—that old colonel of Charles the First—who, seeing nothing left in England when his king's head falls, that snow-blown day at Whitehall, crosses to Westmoreland, Virginia, to find peace for his age, and rear a family. Our sprightly gentleman who comes forth from the White House this fair November morning is James Monroe, the fifth President, and now in midstream of a successful second term.

Monroe, in his morning appearance to meet the sun over eastern Maryland, has no purpose save that good purpose of a walk. Crossing the road, he encounters another who would be similarly employed, one not unlike himself for looks, but fourteen years nearer his own cradle.

"I was on my way to you, Mr. President," says Wirt, for it is none other than the great Attorney-General; "I meditated an early call."

Wirt turns and makes a companion for Monroe. They stroll northward and to the west, where the ground breaks into a valley, and the rough and hilly character will furnish work for legs and lungs.

"Calhoun should be here this morning," observes Monroe. "Crawford is already come, and Adams writes me to expect him

[* This series of articles presents pictures of decisive days in the lives of some of the greatest men in our history—days into which dramatic events were crowded.]

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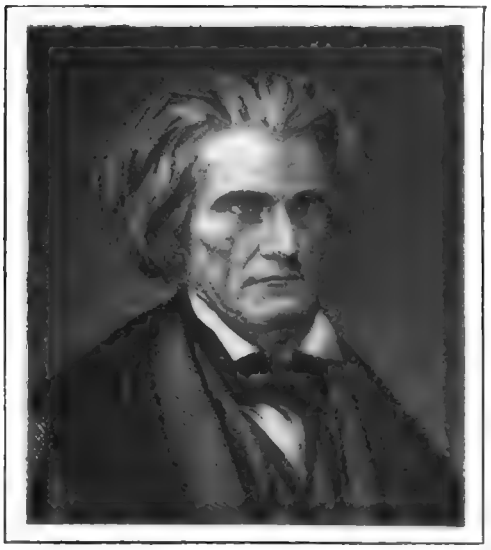

J. C. Calhoun

by the end of the week. Our whole Cabinet should soon be restored. I shall be glad when we are together again. With that unholy coalition of Russia, Prussia, Austria, France and Spain, called the Holy Alliance, and Rome to lead it and, like another Peter the Hermit, preach another crusade—only this time against republicans rather than the Turks—we of America may expect work for our fingers. One thing: Calhoun, Crawford, Adams, and the rest of you, have had a long holiday, and should take up your labors like giants refreshed."

Monroe sighs and a cloud creeps over his broad brow.

The walk is not prolonged, and by nine of that morning's clock the two are again in front of the White House. As they part company, Wirt overtakes the Viscount Vaughn, who has honorable attachment to the English legation and is studying the rude diplomacy of a Western Hemisphere at first hand.

"And what will Americans do?" asks Vaughn, after warmly greeting Wirt, for whom he owns a regard—"what will Americans do when now all Europe, with only England out, is banded together to meddle in Western affairs? There is your Holy Alliance with a present purpose to restore Spain to every hold she has lost in South and North America, and only England against it. What will Americans do?"

"We shall do," responds Wirt, with a quizzical look, "precisely what we should if England were with the Holy Alliance."

"And what will that be?" asks Vaughn, eagerly.

"Whatever the President decides."

Vaughn laughs good-naturedly and does not press his curiosity.

"You have much faith in your President," says Vaughn at last.

"Why," observes Wirt cheerfully, "I should call him, man for man, as wise and strong as any king. Honestly, Vaughn, I've sometimes wondered, when one considers how a king is reared, that your man of a crown should own either sense or force."

"It is quite true," responds the other easily, "that a king has no great chance in his education to either broaden or shoot upward. But after all, it is a people rather than a crown with whom one each time deals. The Holy Alliance is a partnership of conquest between the peoples of Russia, Prussia, Austria, France and Spain rather than their rulers—between countries and not thrones."

"Equally should you remember," returns Wirt, "that your Holy Alliance, so far as we are involved, will meet with a people rather than a President."

"And that last word," says Vaughn, "takes me back to a query of Monroe himself. I've had little or no opportunity to study the President, albeit he was once in England as your Minister. Do you call him, now, a genius?"

"No," returns Wirt, "he is no genius, and the better President for that. Your sober canal of even depth, conservatively between two banks, turbid mayhap and currentless, is, after all, of use in a world where the mountain stream of flash and dash and a running away in cascades and glassy pools would show no profit. I speak, you see, from the sordid coign of commerce," Wirt smiles broadly. "By the same token: while some genius, fire-fed and dazzling, would doubtless be a thing of beauty as a President and one to charm the eye, I should not sleep so well while he lasted, and might even think him a peril, besides, as against your canal-quiet fellow, who never leaves the channel of the commonplace but, secure and slow and safe and deep, brings in the good cargoes on his bosom."

"A fair figure!" exclaims Vaughn, with polite warmth; "a fair figure, indeed! But do you think your Monroe equal, say, in an

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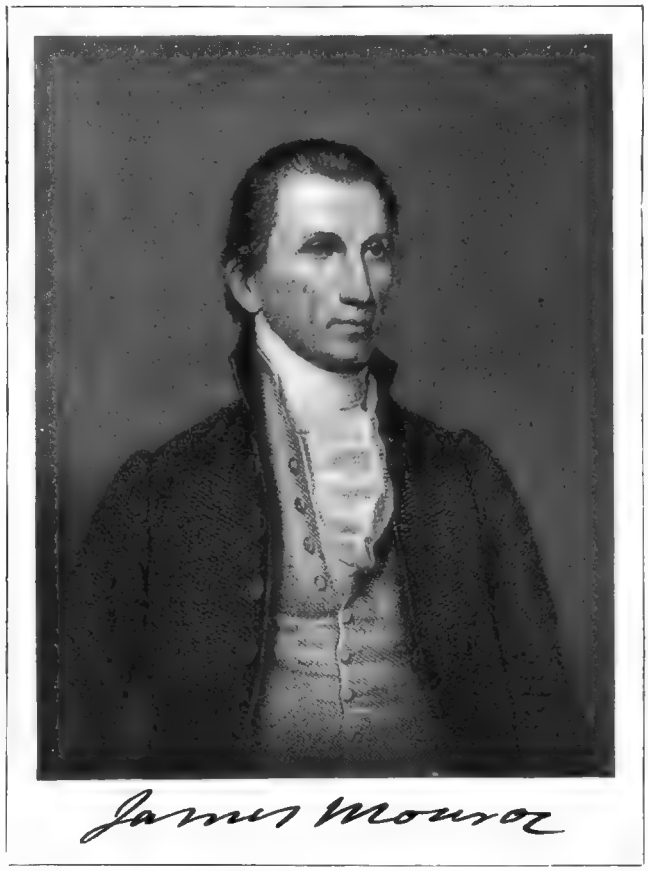
education of statecraft to this situation of a Holy Alliance which seems moving upon him? Believe me, I presume upon our close friendship to say this; it is in strictest confidence."

"As to an education of statecraft, as you phrase it," returns Wirt, "—and for myself I think the term 'statecraft' one deeply overrated for importance—our Monroe has an experience that should stand second to none. He has been in the Legislature of his State; three times he has been her Governor; he has been in Congress both as Representative and Senator; he has been our envoy to Madrid, to Paris, to London; he purchased Louisiana from Napoleon; as Secretary of State for Madison he was foremost to precipitate the last war with England; two years later he added to his duties as Secretary of State the portfolio of war, when the incompetent Armstrong was driven forth, and he gave the war snap and vigor, and sent Jackson to New Orleans. More, he was a soldier himself in the Revolution and was wounded at Trenton under the very eye of Washington. In the last, though not the least of it, he studied both law and statecraft at the knee of the mighty Jefferson; he is his disciple of policy, and not a week goes by when he does not have the written wisdom —by post—of the Man of Monticello to light him on his presidential way. You may, my dear Vaughn, deduce from what I've said whether our Monroe will be found coping with your Holy Alliance."



"For myself," observes Vaughn warmly, "I have every good wish for you, and I'm sure my countrymen of England feel the same."

II.

CALHOUN, the War Secretary, is a gentleman of the serenest dignity. Of the palmetto aristocracy, he has been reared with a memory for that fact, and it loses him time, and now and then success.

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Calhoun is ten years the junior of Wirt, who calls on him this evening at Gadsby's; but he is immeasurably more ambitious, and the darling thought of his heart is to write himself "President." He is to be Vice-President, and that is as near as he will touch to the fulfillment of his hope.

"Who are here?" asks Calhoun, as he and Wirt make ready about eight of the evening to wait upon the President.

"Crawford is here and Adams on his way," returns Wirt. "The whole Cabinet will be together when Congress opens in December. Have you this summer come by any clearer view of your future or the future of the Presidency?" This is asked in a manner of teasing. Wirt is no mighty admirer of Calhoun, though to say truth, he deems better of him than of either Adams or Crawford, his Cabinet rivals for the White House.

"There would seem to be no brilliancy," responds Calhoun, glooming a bit, "to my own prospects. Still, I am young; my forty-one years can wait."

WILLIAM HARRIS CRAWFORD.

"Now I should think," quoth Wirt, "that Andrew Jackson, whom you've not named, is the man fated to overrun you all."

"Jackson should have been court-martialed for that invasion of Florida; it was an act of war against Spain."

"Did you ever say as much to Monroe?" asks Wirt, with a sly twinkle.

"Why," says Calhoun, in a gust of irritation, "you would have thought our Tennessee General another Cæsar! I did but say of Jackson that he was 'a servant of the people,' when Monroe flashes on me with: 'You should rather say he is their sword and shield. Jackson is the American Marius, and there shall be no court-martial for him, but only thanks.' Of course that put an end to the matter."

"And quite properly," comments Wirt.

Monroe, Wirt and Calhoun are together over informal apple toddies; that is, Monroe and Calhoun are. Wirt, who began life with a fondness for wine, is now in favor, for himself at least, of abstinence. Wirt takes coffee, while Monroe and Calhoun sip their toddies. At sight of the coffee, these latter statesmen assure Wirt that the Arabian drink is a more hurtful beverage than rum. Wirt grins, but keeps on with his coffee, like a man who knows his way and does not need a guide.

"Since I saw you, Wirt," says Monroe, at last, "I received a packet from Paris. The situation in Europe is more grave even than I supposed—I mean grave from our standpoint as Americans."

"What, then, is the situation?" asks Wirt, while Calhoun, holding his toddy in abeyance, prepares to listen.

"The French army of one hundred thousand men under Angouleme, and holding Madrid, has taken Ferdinand out of the hand of the Liberals, with whom he was a sort of prisoner, and restored him to his throne. The situation is being upheld by the Holy Alliance, with Rome at its head, the immediate support being those one hundred thousand French bayonets under Angouleme."

"That makes a stern outlook for Spain," comments Calhoun; "I should think Ferdinand would be afraid of so many alien bayonets in his capital. They may decide to stay."

"A fool is never afraid," observes Wirt, sententiously, "and this Ferdinand is a fool."

"My news," continues Monroe, "goes further, and begins to come home to us. This is what the Holy Alliance proposes: When they—that is, Russia, Austria, France and Prussia—have restored darkness to Spain and stamped out the last least flame of republicanism or any sentiment not abjectly monarchical, then will they move unitedly into the Western Hemisphere. They will

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J. Q. Adams.

begin the reconquest of Buenos Ayres and Venezuela and the mutinous balance of South and Central America in the name of Ferdinand of Spain. Commencing in the South, they will move northward along Panama, through Central America, into Mexico. They will dominate every former inch of Spanish territory. Should their plan succeed, within two years we shall have all Europe on our western frontier—crowding, as it were, to our very door."

"Then," observes Calhoun, "it comes to this: By some near day, armies and fleets of Russia, Prussia, Spain, France and Austria, moving together and to a common end, will set sail for South and Central America and Mexico, with the purpose of cutting these regions up among themselves, each to have a slice?"

"Now that is the exact case," responds Monroe, "when you add that England, through Canning, is making a protest and stopping at that point. Poland, thirty years ago, gave these vultures an appetite for a prey of this sort. The Holy Alliance proposes to reënact Poland and its partition over here."

"What should you say was the final ambition of this Holy Alliance?" asks Wirt.

"Why, then," returns Monroe, "the last purpose of that Holy Alliance is the destruction of the United States themselves. These folk fear republicanism; their late experience of Napoleon, who began as a republican, has sharpened a natural fear into fair hysteria. Our growth as a country and the vigor with which we have prosecuted our several wars, have frightened them. Napoleon once said that 'Europe will be all republican or all Cossack'; the Holy Alliance, watching the expanding power of America, says, 'The world must be all republican or all monarchical.' They believe it to be a case where they must destroy us or be destroyed. As a method, they will move slowly upon us, strengthening themselves as they come. They will begin with the conquest of former Spanish America. Those vast regions once firmly beneath their feet, they can then turn their teeth against us—monarchy against republicanism, in a grapple to the death."

"There is no doubt of it," says Calhoun, after several moments of deep thought. "I verily believe you to be right in every word you've uttered."

"And I, too, agree," adds Wirt.

"We must concert a doctrine of state," returns Monroe, "which shall declare for our protection; we must warn these holy folk of

Wm. Wirt Attorney Gen'l U.S.

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alliances and hungry crowns how we will not abide their western meddling."

III.

It is Sunday evening—the evening before the day when Congress will convene. A gentleman of smug exterior, and a trifle the dandy as to dress when one remembers his six and fifty years, steps out of his carriage at the White House door. The smug gentleman of carriage and fine clothes is John Quincy Adams, Monroe's Secretary of State. He may be forgiven his dandyism, since he comes honestly by these coxcomb tastes, inheriting them from his father, old John Adams, who at the age of eighty-eight still lives to find sour fault with government as presently practiced, and to rebuke his wayward son who deserts the Federal faith to dwell in the tents of the ungodly and take office from a Democrat.

There be shrewd grounds for the elder Adams's fault-finding, and it levels itself against his office-hungry son. When Jefferson, who had beaten his sire for a presidency in 1800, was reëlected in 1804, the ambitious John Quincy, beholding, as he trained his gaze along the aisles of coming time, an unbroken procession of Democratic triumphs on their way, despaired of further hope for the party of the Federals. The wily John Quincy would not be out of joint with his hour and so be out of office; he would change his coat of politics; he would turn from the Federals, among whom he was born, and cross to the victorious camp of Jefferson.

But the respectable John Quincy must have a pretext; he could not so transfer himself without apparent cause; the lip of gossip might declare how he simply sought a place. And so, for his reason—his old father never forgave him—our John Quincy crept to Jefferson with the tale of how the Federal chiefs of New England, despairing of any future lease of government in their favor, were planning to secede from the Union, and of themselves, for themselves, by themselves, make unto men a second nation to be called the Confederacy of New England. This "New England Plot," as John Quincy called it, he laid open to Jefferson, as well as to the press of his time. It won him the Jefferson approval and that of Jefferson's two pupils of state, Madison and Monroe; and while New England condemned, and his old father gave him harsh words, it was still the argument which carried him into Monroe's Cabinet and endowed him with the portfolio of state.

When Adams and the others of his council are collected about the Cabinet table, Monroe plunges without preliminary into his subject.

"This policy toward Europe is decided upon," observes Monroe. "I should have given it to you step by step as it progressed; but you were not here. To-night, with Congress about to meet and the message ready to be submitted, I may only read you what I have formulated and hope for your approval. There is no time for change. I have, however, said the gist of it to most if not all of you, and I think, indeed, it will be news to none. Briefly, I shall declare, then, that this country will resent European interference with the affairs of any government in this hemisphere, whether in South or North America. We will abide conditions as they exist; but we will oppose to a last extremity the attempt of a European power to augment either its influence or its territory on this side of the Atlantic."

"What premises do you lay down?" asks Adams. "And what route of argument do you follow?"

"There is the Holy Alliance," responds Monroe, "the purpose whereof to conquer for its members new holds in this hemisphere, you well understand. My policy will be to declare war upon them with the first western movement they make."

"And do you say 'war' in your message?" asks Calhoun.

"My message I shall presently read to you," responds Monroe. "It is couched in the lamb's-wool terms of diplomacy. But it means war if given the provocation recited, and so the Holy Alliance will understand."

"My own view," says Adams, softly, rubbing his knee the while as one who cogitates, "goes for it that no utterance and no attitude of ours will serve to check Russia, Prussia, France and Austria, otherwise the Holy Alliance, from coming forward with Spain to reconquer the latter's former dominions in the Americas. I am assured of this by my agents at the courts of Europe. Should your message commit us to war, I fear that to war we shall be driven."

"Then it shall be war," responds Monroe, laying his firm hand on the table by way of emphasis.

"It will be a sore blow to our commerce," sighs Adams, thinking of New England's

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merchant marine, and those thousand sails of trade a war would furl.

"Better lose our commerce than our liberties," retorts Wirt, who, being a lawyer, cares little for trade, and is withal of a warlike temper. "Besides, we would grant your Yankee skippers letters to go a-privateering. Think of the gold they would take! It would beat the best profits of any mere tame trade of peace. Half the fortunes of New England were won cutlass in hand on British decks during our last war with England. Your sailor folk would find a yet richer harvest and an easier field among the commerce of the Holy Alliance."

"But have we that war-strength needed to oppose such foes?" asks Adams, doubtfully. The vivacious spirit of Wirt, and the dogged determination of Monroe, give his cautious heart a pang.

"We have eight hundred thousand militia," observes Calhoun; "and every man as good a soldier as ever walked upon a field of battle. So much for invaders should invaders come. On the water we should give even a better account of ourselves than we did a decade ago against England; and I have yet to hear of her taunting us for any shyness on the part of our broadsides."

"As for our finances," breaks in Crawford, proudly, "we were never so rich nor solvently founded. Our income is a round fourteen millions of dollars a year. Our annual expense is not much more than eight millions. On New Year's Day, not a month away, we will have a balance of full nine millions in our treasury. If money means war, we have yet to be in better fettle."

"What you say of men and money," comments Adams, but still with a dubious mouth, "is certainly reassuring."

"Why, then," says Calhoun, impatiently, for his rice-land blood begins to gather heat with talk of war, "if with no more than three million folk, and they for the one-half Tories, we could stand off England through our seven years of revolution, when now we have eleven millions we should be able to sustain ourselves against this Holy Alliance, none of whom is a water-fighter, and whose people are the inferiors of Americans whether on land or on sea. Moreover, it is we who will defend and they who must come to us. Our privateers would burn their commerce from the oceans. You may trust our sailors to straightway comb the seas of every dollar that flies a Holy Alliance flag."

"Rest sure," remarks Adams, smiling a little, "rest sure that whatever our President decides on, it shall be my sternest effort to uphold."

"Gentlemen," says Monroe, who has been lending patient ear, "it is not, in my opinion, left with us to say that we will or will not meet this Holy Alliance on the fields of war. We might elect whether we will fight now or fight later, but that is the most of latitude allowed us. The destruction of this country is the purpose of the Holy Alliance, and I know little of my countrymen if that will be accomplished while an American man or an American dollar is left to withstand Europe in its western march. Now I will give you the story of my thought and how I arrive at this decision of defiance. It is from Washington, then, we get the doctrine of neutrality and strict non-interference with the affairs of Europe. I need not tell you that for myself I accept every policy of Washington as the thing sacred." Monroe pauses and would seem to muse. At last he goes forward, drifting a little from his first direction, for the name of Washington draws aside his thought. "I recall the time when I first saw Washington. I was a boy—a lieutenant with the rear-guard. It was at Newark. Washington with his staff rode by. He was plainly clad and stained of his campaigns. There was no great army at his heels to impress me, for he rode with but a handful of cavalry. But the high, invincible face, with its square jaw and steady eye—gray as a bayonet and as unyielding—I shall never forget. From that moment I knew we should succeed; with me, at least, our independence was from that hour secured." Monroe again pauses while his memory visits in the past. "To go side by side with that doctrine of Washington," he resumes at last, "of non-interference with European affairs, Jefferson gave to us a further doctrine, one derived of the other, of Europe's non-interference with America. We would keep out of her muddles, she must keep out of ours. We will respect European titles in this hemisphere as they exist; we will not tolerate change or extension or acquirement of title. Jefferson it was who formulated this last; it rests with us to give it a first expression, since upon us has fallen the first test. I think, like our Secretary of State, that we move toward war. And yet I have no doubt of triumph; for I also believe, with our friends Wirt and Calhoun, that the American

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has no one to be his match in battle. Nor shall I be dismayed by numbers. Come with what force they may—these folk of the Holy Alliance—yet shall we defeat them."

"Is the great Jefferson cognizant of your purpose?" asks Adams.

"Jefferson knows of every word," replies Monroe.

"Read us the message," suggests Wirt. "There will be none to differ from you, be assured."

"My message," returns Monroe, fingering the important document, "you will find conservative in temper and sufficiently guarded of phrase. Thus it runs:

"'The citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellow men on that (European) side of the Atlantic. In wars of the European powers over matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It it only when our own rights are invaded or menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defense. But with the movements of this (Western) hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defense of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of our most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation stands devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Allied Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered. But with those governments of this hemisphere who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, after grave consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destinies, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. In the war between those new governments and Spain, we declared our neutrality at the time of their recognition, and to this we have adhered; we shall continue to adhere to it, provided no change shall occur which in the judgment of the competent authorities of this Government shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to its security. The late events in Spain and Portugal show that Europe is still unsettled. Of this important fact no stronger proof can be adduced than that the Allied Powers should have thought it proper on any principle satisfactory to themselves to have interposed by force in the internal concerns of Spain. To what extent such interposition may be carried on the same principle, is a question in which all independent powers whose governments differ from theirs are interested, even those most remote, and surely none more so than the United States. Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same: which is not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it and to preserve those relations with a frank, firm and manly policy; meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to these (Western) continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the Allied Powers should extend their political system to any portion of either of these continents without endangering our peace and happiness. Nor can any one believe that our South American brethren if left to themselves would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible that we should behold such interposition in any form with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain and those new governments, and their distance from each other, it must be obvious that she can never subdue them. It is still the policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course.'"

When now Monroe ceases his reading, he looks up with an eye of interrogation.

"That," says he, "is what I have thought it wise, in view of what the Holy Alliance proposes, to say aloud to the world."

"You would," responds Adams, whose first right it is to speak, since the subject is one of foreign relations, "you would seem to clearly express, and in excellent terms, our position as you in conversation outlined it. You cannot be misunderstood, whether in what you say or what you would have inferred. I would not add to or detract from that message by so much as one syllable."

The next day the message is read to both Houses of Congress; it meets with every demonstration of approval. It is read by the people at large, gains universal prompt adoption, and, as the Monroe Doctrine, wins a sacred character in common with the Declaration of Independence, to which it is looked on as an amendment, and to defend the integrity whereof the country would be committed throughout the centuries.

When Congress has cheered, Monroe writes to Jefferson at Monticello: "On those questions of the Holy Alliance and its proposed conquest for itself and Spain of the two Americas, we have this day nailed our glove to the gates of Europe. We will abide the sequel, and in time present or in time to come, defend to the death the position we have assumed, and that doctrine of non-interference by Europe in American concerns we declare to be our plain policy of right."

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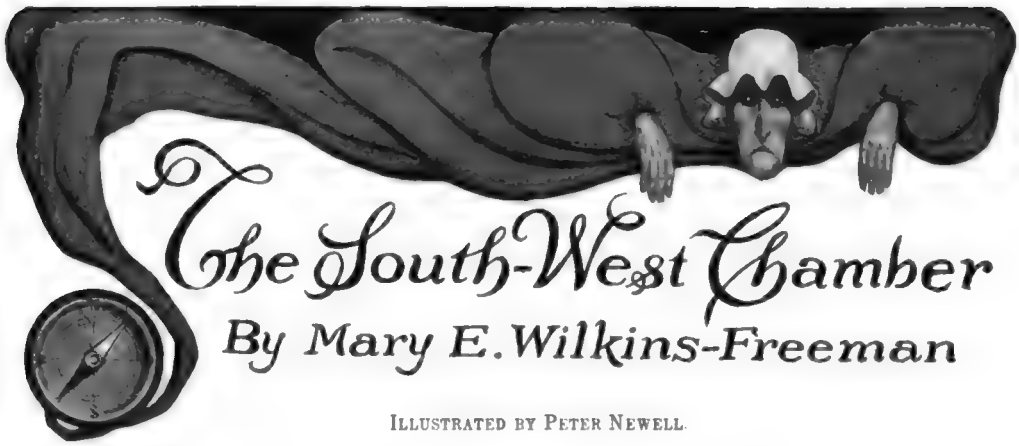

The South-West Chamber

By Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

"THAT school-teacher from Acton is coming to-day," said Miss Sophia Gill. "I have decided to put her in the southwest chamber."

Amanda looked at her sister with an expression of mingled doubt and terror. "You don't suppose she would——" she began hesitatingly.

"Would what?" demanded Sophia sharply. Both were below the medium height and stout, but Sophia was firm where Amanda was flabby. Amanda wore a baggy old muslin (it was a hot day), and Sophia was uncompromisingly hooked up in a starched and boned cambric over her high shelving figure.

"I didn't know but she would object to sleeping in that room, as long as Aunt Harriet died there such a little while ago," faltered Amanda.

"Well," said Sophia, "of all the silly notions! If you are going to pick out rooms where nobody has died you'll have your hands full. I don't believe there's a room or a bed in this house that somebody hasn't passed away in."

"Well, I suppose I am silly to think of it, and she'd better go in there," said Amanda.

"I know she had. Now I guess you'd better go and see if any dust has settled on anything since it was cleaned, and open the west windows and let the sun in, while I see to that cake."

Amanda went to her task in the southwest chamber.

Nobody knew how this elderly woman with the untrammeled imagination of a child dreaded to enter the southwest chamber, and yet she could not have told why she had the dread. She had occupied rooms which had been once tenanted by persons now dead. But this was different. She entered and her heart beat thickly in her ears. Her hands were cold. The room was a very large one. The four windows were closed, the blinds also. The room was in a film of green gloom. The furniture loomed out vaguely. The white counterpane on the bed showed like a blank page.

Amanda crossed the room, opened one of the windows, and threw back the blind. Then the room revealed itself an apartment full of an aged and worn, but no less valid state. Pieces of old mahogany swelled forth; a peacock-patterned chintz draped the bedstead. The closet door stood ajar. There was a glimpse of purple drapery floating from a peg inside. Amanda went across and took down the garment hanging there. She wondered how her sister had happened to leave it when she cleaned the room. It was an old loose gown which had belonged to her aunt. She took it down shuddering, and closed the closet door after a fearful glance into its dark depths. It was a long closet with a strong odor of lovage. Aunt Harriet had had a habit of eating lovage and had carried it constantly in her pocket.

Amanda received the odor with a start as if before an actual presence. She was always conscious of this fragrance of lovage as she tidied the room. She spread fresh towels over the wash-stand and the bureau; she made the bed. Then she thought to take the purple gown from the easy chair where she had just thrown it and carry it to the garret and put it in the trunk with the other articles of the dead woman's wardrobe which had been packed away

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there; *but the purple gown was not on the chair!*

Amanda Gill was not a woman of strong convictions even as to her own actions. She directly thought that possibly she had been mistaken and had not removed it from the closet. She glanced at the closet door and saw with surprise that it was open, and she had thought she had closed it, but she instantly was not sure of that. So she entered the closet and looked for the purple gown. *It was not there!*

Amanda Gill went feebly out of the closet and looked at the easy chair again. The purple gown was not there! She looked wildly around the room. She went down on her trembling knees and peered under the bed, she opened the bureau drawers, she looked again in the closet. Then she stood in the middle of the floor and fairly wrung her hands.

There is a limit at which self-refutation must stop in any sane person. Amanda Gill had reached it. She knew that she had seen that purple gown in that closet; she knew that she had removed it and put it on the easy chair. She also knew that she had not taken it out of the room.

Then the thought occurred to her that possibly her sister Sophia might have entered the room unobserved while her back was turned and removed the dress. A sensation of relief came over her. Her blood seemed to flow back into its usual channels; the tension of her nerves relaxed.

"How silly I am!" she said aloud.

She hurried out and downstairs into the kitchen where Sophia was making cake, stirring with splendid circular sweeps of a wooden spoon a creamy yellow mass. Sophia looked up as her sister entered.

"Have you got it done?" said she.

"Yes," replied Amanda. Then she hesitated. A sudden terror overcame her. It did not seem as if it were at all probable that Sophia had left that foamy cake mixture a second to go to Aunt Harriet's chamber and remove that purple gown.

"Did you come up in Aunt Harriet's room while I was there?" she asked weakly.

"Of course I didn't. Why?"

"Nothing," replied Amanda.

Suddenly she realized that she could not tell her sister what had happened. She knew what Sophia would say if she told her. She dropped into a chair and began shelling the beans with nerveless fingers.

For the next hour or two the women were very busy. They kept no servant. When they had come into possession of this fine old place by the death of their aunt it had seemed a doubtful blessing. There was not a cent with which to pay for repairs and taxes and insurance. There had been a division in the old Ackley family years before. One of the daughters had married against her mother's wish, and had been disinherited. She had married a poor man by the name of Gill, and shared his humble lot in sight of her former home and her sister and mother living in prosperity, until she had borne three daughters; then she died, worn out with overwork and worry.

The mother and the elder sister had been pitiless to the last. Neither had ever spoken to her since she left her home the night of her marriage. They were hard women.

The three daughters of the disinherited sister had lived quiet and poor but not actually needy lives. Jane, the middle daughter, had married, and died in less than a year. Amanda and Sophia had taken the girl baby she left when the father married again. Sophia had taught a primary school for many years; she had saved enough to buy the little house in which they lived. Amanda had crocheted lace, and embroidered flannel, and made tidies and pincushions, and now in their late middle life had come the death of the aunt to whom they had never spoken, although they had often seen her, who had lived in solitary state in the old Ackley mansion until she was more than eighty. There had been no will, and they were the only heirs, with the exception of young Flora Scott, the daughter of the dead sister.

Sophia had promptly decided what was to be done. The small house was to be sold, and they were to move into the old Ackley house and take boarders to pay for its keeping. She scouted the idea of selling it. She had an enormous family pride.

Sophia and Amanda Gill had been living in the old Ackley house a fortnight, and they had three boarders: an elderly widow with a comfortable income, a young Congregationalist clergyman, and the middle-aged single woman who had charge of the village library. Now the school-teacher from Acton, Miss Louisa Stark, was expected for the summer.

Flora, their niece, was a very gentle girl, rather pretty, with large, serious blue eyes, a

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seldom smiling mouth, and smooth flaxen hair. She was delicate and very young—sixteen on her next birthday.

She came home soon now with her parcels of sugar and tea from the grocer's. She entered the kitchen gravely and deposited them on the table by which her Aunt Amanda was seated stringing beans. Flora wore an obsolete turban-shaped hat of black straw which had belonged to the dead aunt; it set high like a crown, revealing her forehead. Her dress was an ancient purple-and-white print, too long and too large, except over the chest, where it held her like a straight waistcoat.

"Flora," said Sophia, "you go up to the room that was your Greataunt Harriet's and take the water-pitcher off the washstand and fill it with water."

"In *that* chamber?" asked Flora. Her face changed a little.

"Yes, in that chamber," returned her Aunt Sophia sharply. "Go right along."

Flora went. Very soon she returned with the blue-and-white water-pitcher and filled it carefully at the kitchen sink.

"Now be careful and not spill it," said Sophia as she went out of the room carrying it gingerly.

Then the village stage-coach was seen driving round to the front of the house. The house stood on a corner.

"Here, Amanda, you look better than I do, you go and meet her," said Sophia. "Show her right up to her room."

Amanda removed her apron hastily and obeyed. Sophia hurried with her cake. She had just put it in the oven, when the door opened and Flora entered carrying the blue water-pitcher.

"What are you bringing down that pitcher again for?" asked Sophia.

"She wants some water, and Aunt Amanda sent me," replied Flora.

"For the land sake! She hasn't used all that great pitcher full of water so quick?"

"There wasn't any water in it," replied Flora.

Her high, childish forehead was contracted slightly with a puzzled frown as she looked at her aunt.

"Didn't I see you filling the pitcher with water not ten minutes ago, I want to know?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Let me see that pitcher." Sophia examined the pitcher. It was not only perfectly dry from top to bottom, but even a little dusty. She turned severely on the young girl. "That shows," said she, "you did not fill the pitcher at all. You let the water run at the side because you didn't want to carry it upstairs. I am ashamed of you. It's bad enough to be lazy, but when it comes to not telling the truth!"

The young girl's face broke up suddenly into piteous confusion and her blue eyes became filmy with tears.

"I did fill the pitcher, honest," she faltered. "You ask Aunt Amanda."

"I'll ask nobody. The pitcher is proof enough. Water don't go off and leave the pitcher dusty on the inside if it was put in ten minutes ago. Now you fill that pitcher quick, and carry it upstairs, and if you spill a drop there'll be something besides talk."

Flora filled the pitcher, with the tears falling over her cheeks. She snivelled softly as she went out, balancing it carefully against her slender hip. Sophia followed her up the stairs to the chamber where Miss Louisa Stark was waiting for the water to remove the soil of travel.

Louisa Stark was stout and solidly built. She was a masterly woman inured to command from years of school-teaching. She carried her swelling bulk with majesty; even her face, moist and red with the heat, lost nothing of its dignity of expression.

She was standing in the middle of the floor with an air which gave the effect of her standing upon an elevation. She turned when Sophia and Flora, carrying the water-pitcher, entered.

"This is my sister Sophia," said Amanda, tremulously.

Sophia advanced, shook hands with Miss Louisa Stark and bade her welcome and hoped she would like her room. Then she moved toward the closet. "There is a nice large closet in this room——" she said, then she stopped short.

The closet door was ajar, and a purple garment seemed suddenly to swing into view as if impelled by some wind.

"Why, here is something left in this closet," Sophia said in a mortified tone.

She pulled down the garment with a jerk, and as she did so Amanda passed her in a weak rush for the door.

"I am afraid your sister is not well," said the school-teacher from Acton. "She may be going to faint."

"She is not subject to fainting spells," replied Sophia, but she followed Amanda.

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She found her in the room which they occupied together, lying on the bed, very pale and gasping. She leaned over her.

"Amanda, what is the matter? Don't you feel well?" she asked.

"I feel a little faint."

Sophia got a camphor bottle and began rubbing her sister's forehead.

"Do you feel better?" she asked.

Amanda nodded.

"I guess if you feel better I'll just get that dress of Aunt Harriet's and take it up garret."

Sophia hurried out, but soon returned.

"I want to know," she said, looking sharply and quickly around, "if I brought that purple dress in here? It isn't in that chamber, nor the closet. You aren't lying on it, are you?"

"I lay down before you came in," replied Amanda.

"So you did. Well, I'll go and look again."

Presently Amanda heard her sister's heavy step on the garret stairs. Then she returned with a queer defiant expression on her face.

"I carried it up garret after all and put it in the trunk," said she. "I declare, I forgot it. I suppose your being faint sort of put it out of my head."

Sophia's mouth was set; her eyes upon her sister's scared, agitated face were full of hard challenge.

"I must go right down and see to that cake," said she, going out of the room. "If you don't feel well, you pound on the floor with the umbrella."

Amanda looked after her. She knew that Sophia had not put that purple dress of her dead Aunt Harriet's in the trunk in the garret.

Meantime Miss Louisa Stark was settling herself in the southwest chamber. She unpacked her trunk and hung her dresses carefully in the closet. She was a very punctilious woman. She put on a black India silk dress with purple flowers. She pinned her lace at her throat with a brooch, very handsome, although somewhat obsolete —a bunch of pearl grapes on black onyx, set in gold filagree.

As she surveyed herself in the little swing-mirror surmounting the old-fashioned mahogany bureau she suddenly bent forward and looked closely at the brooch. Instead of the familiar bunch of pearl grapes on the black onyx, she saw a knot of blond-and-black hair under glass surrounded by a border of twisted gold. She felt a thrill of horror. She unpinned the brooch, and it was her own familiar one, the pearl grapes and the onyx. "How very foolish I am," she thought. She thrust the pin in the lace at her throat, and again looked at herself in the glass, and there it was again—the knot of blond-and-black hair and twisted gold.

Louisa Stark looked at her own large, firm face above the brooch and it was full of terror and dismay which were new to it. She straightway began to wonder if there could be anything wrong with her mind. She remembered that an aunt of her mother's had been insane. A sort of fury with herself possessed her. She stared at the brooch in the glass with eyes at once angry and terrified. Then she removed it again and there was her own old brooch. Finally she thrust the gold pin through the lace again, fastened it, and, turning a defiant back on the glass, went down to supper.

At the supper table she met the other boarders. She viewed the elderly widow with reserve, the clergyman with respect, the middle-aged librarian with suspicion. The latter wore a very youthful shirt-waist, and her hair in a girlish fashion, which the school-teacher, who twisted hers severely from the straining roots at the nape of the neck to the small, smooth coil at the top, condemned as straining after effects no longer hers by right.

The librarian, who had a quick alertness of manner, addressed her.

"What room are you in, Miss Stark?" said she.

"I am at a loss how to designate the room," replied Miss Stark stiffly.

The librarian, whose name was Eliza Lippincott, turned abruptly to Miss Amanda Gill, over whose delicate face a curious color compounded of flush and pallor was stealing.

"What room did your aunt die in, Miss Amanda?" asked she abruptly.

Amanda cast a terrified glance at her sister, who was serving a second plate of pudding for the minister.

"That room," she replied feebly.

"That's what I thought," said the librarian with a certain triumph. "I calculated that must be the room she died in, for it's the best room in the house, and you haven't put anybody in it before. Somehow the room that anybody has died in lately is generally the last room anybody is put in."

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The young minister looked up from his pudding. He was very spiritual, but he had had poor pickings in his previous boarding place, and he could not help a certain abstract enjoyment over Miss Gill's cooking.

"You certainly, Miss Lippincott," he remarked with his gentle, almost caressing inflection of tone, "do not for a minute believe that a higher power would allow any manifestation on the part of a disembodied spirit—who we trust is in her heavenly home—to harm one of His servants?"

"Oh, Mr. Dunn, of course not," replied Eliza Lippincott with a blush. "Of course not. I never meant to imply——"

"Of course dear Miss Harriet Gill was a professing Christian," remarked the widow, "and I don't suppose a professing Christian would come back and scare folks if she could. I wouldn't be a mite afraid to sleep in that room; I'd rather have it than the one I've got." Then she turned to Miss Stark. "Any time you feel timid in that room, I'm ready and willing to change with you," said she.

"Thank you. I have no desire to change. I am perfectly satisfied with my room," replied Miss Stark with freezing dignity, which was thrown away upon the widow.

Miss Louisa Stark did not sit down in the parlor with the other boarders after dinner. She went straight to her room. She felt tired after her journey, and meditated a loose wrapper and writing a few letters quietly before she went to bed. When she entered the southwest chamber she saw against the wall paper directly facing the door the waist of her best black satin dress hung over a picture.

"That is very strange," she said to herself, and a thrill of vague horror came over her. She knew, or thought she knew, that she had put that black satin dress waist away nicely folded between towels in her trunk.

She took down the black waist and laid it on the bed preparatory to folding it, but when she attempted to do so she discovered that the two sleeves were firmly sewed together. Louisa Stark stared at the sewed sleeves. "What does this mean?" she asked herself. She examined the sewing carefully; the stitches were small, and even, and firm, of black silk.

She moved toward the door. For a moment she thought that this was something legitimate, about which she might demand information; then she became doubtful. Suppose she herself had done this absurd thing, or suppose that she had not, what was to hinder the others from thinking so—what was to hinder a doubt being cast upon her own memory and reasoning powers?

Louisa Stark had been on the verge of a nervous breakdown in spite of her iron constitution and her great will power. No woman can teach school for forty years with absolute impunity. She was more credulous as to her own possible failings than she had ever been in her whole life. She was cold with horror and terror, and yet not so much horror and terror of the supernatural as of her own self. The weakness of belief in the supernatural was nearly impossible for this strong nature. She could more easily believe in her own failing powers.

She started toward the mirror to unfasten her dress, then she remembered the strange circumstance of the brooch, and stopped short. Then she straightened herself defiantly and marched up to the bureau and looked in the glass. She saw reflected therein, fastening the lace at her throat, the old-fashioned thing of a large oval, a knot of fair and black hair under the glass, set in a rim of twisted gold. She unfastened it with trembling fingers and looked at it. It was her own brooch, the cluster of pearl grapes on black onyx. Louisa Stark placed the trinket in its little box on the nest of pink cotton and put it away in the bureau drawer. Only death could disturb her habit of order.

Her fingers were so cold they felt fairly numb as she unfastened her dress; she staggered when she slipped it over her head. She went to the closet to hang it up and recoiled. A strong smell of lovage came to her nostrils, a purple gown near the door swung softly against her face as if impelled by some wind from within. All the pegs were filled with garments not her own, mostly of somber black.

Suddenly Louisa Stark recovered her nerve. This, she told herself, was something distinctly tangible. Somebody had been taking liberties with her wardrobe. Somebody had been hanging some one else's clothes in her closet. She hastily slipped on her dress again and marched straight down stairs.

She found Sophia Gill standing by the kitchen table kneading dough with dignity.

"Miss Gill," said Miss Stark, with her

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utmost school-teacher manner, "I wish to inquire why you have had my clothes removed from the closet in my room and others substituted?".

Sophia Gill stood, with her hand fast in the dough, regarding her. Her own face paled slowly and reluctantly, her mouth stiffened.

"I'll go upstairs with you, Miss Stark," said she, "and see what the trouble is." She spoke stiffly, with constrained civility.

Sophia and Louisa Stark went up to the southwest chamber. The closet door was shut. Sophia threw it open, then she looked at Miss Stark. On the pegs hung the school-teacher's own garments in orderly array.

"I can't see that there is anything wrong," remarked Sophia grimly.

Miss Stark sank down on the nearest chair. She saw her own clothes in the closet. She knew there had been no time for any human being to remove those which she thought she had seen and put hers in their places. She knew it was impossible. Again the awful horror of herself overwhelmed her.

She muttered something, she scarcely knew what. Sophia then went out of the room. In the morning Miss Stark did not go down to breakfast, and left before noon.

Directly the widow, Mrs. Elvira Simmons, knew that the school-teacher had gone, and the soutwest room was vacant, she begged to have it in exchange for her own. Sophia hesitated a moment.

"I have no objections, Mrs. Simmons," said she, "if——"

"If what?" asked the widow.

"If you have common sense enough not to keep fussing because the room happens to be the one my aunt died in," said Sophia bluntly.

"Fiddlesticks!" said the widow.

That very afternoon she moved into the southwest chamber.

The widow was openly triumphant over her new room. She talked a deal about it at the dinner-table.

"You are sure you don't feel afraid of ghosts?" said the librarian. "I wouldn't sleep in that room after——" she checked herself with an eye on the minister.

"After what?" asked the widow.

"Nothing," replied Eliza Lippincott in an embarrassed fashion.

"You did see or hear something—now what was it, I want to know?" said the widow that evening when they were alone in the parlor. The minister had gone to make a call.

"Well," said Eliza hesitatingly, "if you'll promise not to tell."

"Yes, I promise; what was it?"

"Well, one day last week just before the school-teacher came, I went into that room to see if there were any clouds. I wanted to wear my gray dress, and I was afraid it was going to rain, so I wanted to look at the sky at all points, and—— You know that chintz over the bed, and the valance? What pattern should you say it was?"

"Why, peacocks on a blue ground. Good land, I shouldn't think any one who had ever seen that would forget it."

"Well, when I went in there that afternoon it was not peacocks on a blue ground; it was great red roses on a yellow ground."

"Did Miss Sophia have it changed?"

"No. I went in there again an hour later and the peacocks were there."

The widow stared at her a moment, then she began to laugh rather hysterically.

"Well," said she, "I guess I sha'n't give up my nice room for any such tomfoolery as that. I guess I would just as soon have red roses on a yellow ground as peacocks on a blue; but there's no use talking, you couldn't have seen straight. How could such a thing have happened?"

"I don't know," said Eliza Lippincott, "but I know I wouldn't sleep in that room if you'd give me a thousand dollars."

When Mrs. Simmons went to the southwest chamber that night, she cast a glance at the bed-hanging. There were the peacocks on the blue ground. She gave a contemptuous thought of Eliza Lippincott.

But just before Mrs. Simmons was ready to get into bed she looked again at the hangings, and there were the red roses on the yellow ground instead of the peacocks on blue. She looked long and sharply. Then she crossed the room, turned her back to the bed, and looked out at the night from the east window. It was clear, and the full moon had just risen. She watched it a moment sailing over the dark blue in its nimbus of gold. Then she looked around at the bed hangings. She still saw the red roses on the yellow ground.

Mrs. Simmons was struck in the most vulnerable point. This apparent contradiction of the reasonable as manifested in such a commonplace thing as the chintz of a bed-

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hanging affected this ordinary, unimaginative woman as no ghostly appearance could have done. Those red roses on the yellow ground were to her much more ghastly than any strange figure clad in the white robes of the grave entering the room.

She took a step toward the door, then she turned with a resolute air. "As for going downstairs and owning up I'm scared and having that Lippincott girl crowing over me, I won't for any red roses instead of peacocks. I guess they can't hurt me, and as long as we've both of us seen 'em I guess we can't both be getting loony," she said.

Mrs. Elvira Simmons blew out her light and got into bed. After a little she fell asleep.

But she was awakened about midnight by a strange sensation in her throat. She had dreamed that some one with long white fingers was strangling her, and she saw bending over her the face of an old woman in a white cap. When she waked there was no old woman, the room was almost as light as day in the full moonlight, and looked very peaceful; but the strangling sensation continued, and besides that, her face and ears felt muffled. She put up her hand and felt that her head was covered with a ruffled nightcap tied under her chin so tightly that it was exceedingly uncomfortable. A great qualm of horror shot over her. She tore the thing off frantically and flung it from her with a convulsive effort as if it had been a spider. She sprang out of bed and was going toward the door when she stopped.

It suddenly occurred to her that Eliza Lippincott might have entered the room and tied on the cap while she was asleep. Then she tried to open the door, but to her astonishment found that it was bolted on the inside. "I must have locked it after all," she reflected with wonder, for she never locked her door.

She went toward the spot where she had thrown the cap—she had stepped over it on her way to the door—but it was not there. She searched the whole room, lighting the lamp, but she could not find the cap. Finally she gave it up. She extinguished her lamp and went back to bed. She fell asleep again, to be again awakened in the same fashion. That time she tore off the cap as before, but she did not fling it on the floor. Instead, she held to it with a fierce grip. Her blood was up.

Holding fast to the flimsy white thing, she sprang out of bed, ran to the window which was open, slipped the screen, and flung it out; but a sudden gust of wind, though the night was calm, arose and it floated back in her face. She clutched at it. It eluded her clutching fingers. Then she did not see it at all. She examined the floor, she lighted her lamp again and searched, but there was no sign of it.

Mrs. Simmons was then in such a rage that all terror had disappeared for the time. To be baffled like this and resisted by something which was nothing to her straining senses filled her with intensest resentment.

Finally she got back into bed again; she did not go to sleep. She felt strangely drowsy, but she fought against it. She was wide awake, staring at the moonlight, when she suddenly felt the soft white strings of the thing tighten round her throat and realized that her enemy was again upon her. She seized the strings, untied them, twitched off the cap, ran with it to the table where her scissors lay and furiously cut it into small bits. She cut and tore, feeling an insane fury of gratification.

She tossed the bits of muslin into a basket and went back to bed. Almost immediately she felt the soft strings tighten round her throat. Then at last she yielded, vanquished. This new refutal of all the laws of reason by which she had learned, as it were, to spell her theory of life was too much for her equilibrium. She pulled off the clinging strings feebly, drew the thing from her head, slid weakly out of bed, caught up her wrapper and hastened out of the room. She went noiselessly along the hall to her own old room, entered it, got into her familiar bed, and lay there the rest of the night shuddering and listening, and if she dozed, waking with a start at the feeling of the pressure upon her throat—to find that it was not there, yet still unable to shake off entirely the horror.

She went down to breakfast the next morning with an imperturbable face. When asked by Eliza Lippincott how she had slept, she replied with an appearance of calmness which was bewildering that she had not slept very well. She never did sleep very well in a new bed, and she thought she would go back to her old room.

Eliza Lippincott was not deceived, however, neither were the Gill sisters, nor the young girl Flora. Eliza Lippincott spoke out bluntly.

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"You needn't talk to me about sleeping well," said she. "I know something queer happened in that room last night by the way you act."

They all looked at Mrs. Simmons inquiringly—the librarian with malicious curiosity and triumph, the minister with sad incredulity, Sophia Gill with fear and indignation, Amanda and the young girl with unmixed terror. The widow bore herself with dignity.

"I saw nothing nor heard nothing which I trust could not have been accounted for in some rational manner," said she.

"What was it?" persisted Eliza Lippincott.

"I do not wish to discuss the matter any further," replied Mrs. Simmons shortly. Then she passed her plate for more creamed potato. She felt that she would die before she confessed to the ghastly absurdity of that nightcap, or to having been disturbed by the flight of peacocks off a blue field of chintz. She left the whole matter so vague that in a fashion she came off the mistress of the situation.

That afternoon the young minister, John Dunn, went to Sophia Gill and requested permission to occupy the southwest chamber that night.

"I don't ask to have my effects moved there," said he, "for I could scarcely afford a room so much superior to the one I now occupy, but I should like, if you please, to sleep there to-night for the purpose of refuting in my own person any unfortunate superstition which may have obtained root here."

Sophia Gill thanked the minister gratefully and eagerly accepted his offer.

That night about twelve o'clock the Reverend John Dunn essayed to go to his nightly slumber in the southwest chamber. He had been sitting up until that hour preparing his sermon.

He traversed the hall with a little night-lamp in his hand; he opened the door of the southwest chamber and essayed to enter. He might as well have essayed to enter the solid side of a house. He could look into the room full of soft lights and shadows under the moonlight which streamed in at the windows. He could see the bed in which he had expected to pass the night, but he could not enter. Whenever he strove to do so, he had a curious sensation as if he were trying to press against an invisible person who met him with a force of opposition impossible to overcome. The minister was not an athletic man, yet he had considerable strength. He squared his elbows, set his mouth hard, and strove to push his way through into the room. The opposition which he met was as sternly and mutely terrible as the rocky fastness of a mountain in his way.

For a half-hour John Dunn, doubting, raging, overwhelmed with spiritual agony as to the state of his own soul rather than fear, strove to enter the southwest chamber. He was simply powerless against this uncanny obstacle. Finally a great horror as of evil itself came over him. He was a nervous man and very young. He fairly fled to his own chamber and locked himself in like a terror-stricken girl.

The next morning he went to Miss Gill and told her frankly what had happened.

"What it is I know not, Miss Sophia," said he, "but I firmly believe, against my will, that there is in that room some accursed evil power at work of which modern faith and modern science know nothing."

Miss Sophia Gill listened with grimly lowering face.

"I think I will sleep in that room myself to-night," she said, when the minister had finished.

There were occasions when Miss Sophia Gill could put on a manner of majesty, and she did now.

It was ten o'clock that night when Sophia Gill entered the southwest chamber. She had told her sister what she intended doing and had been proof against her tearful entreaties. Amanda was charged not to tell the young girl, Flora.

"There is no use in frightening that child over nothing," said Sophia.

Sophia, when she entered the southwest chamber, set the lamp which she carried on the bureau, and began moving about the room, pulling down the curtains, taking the nice white counterpane off the bed, and preparing generally for the night.

As she did so, moving with great coolness and deliberation, she became conscious that she was thinking some thoughts that were foreign to her. She began remembering what she could not have remembered, since she was not then born: the trouble over her mother's marriage, the bitter opposition, the shutting the door upon her, the ostracizing her from heart and home. She became aware of a most singular sensation

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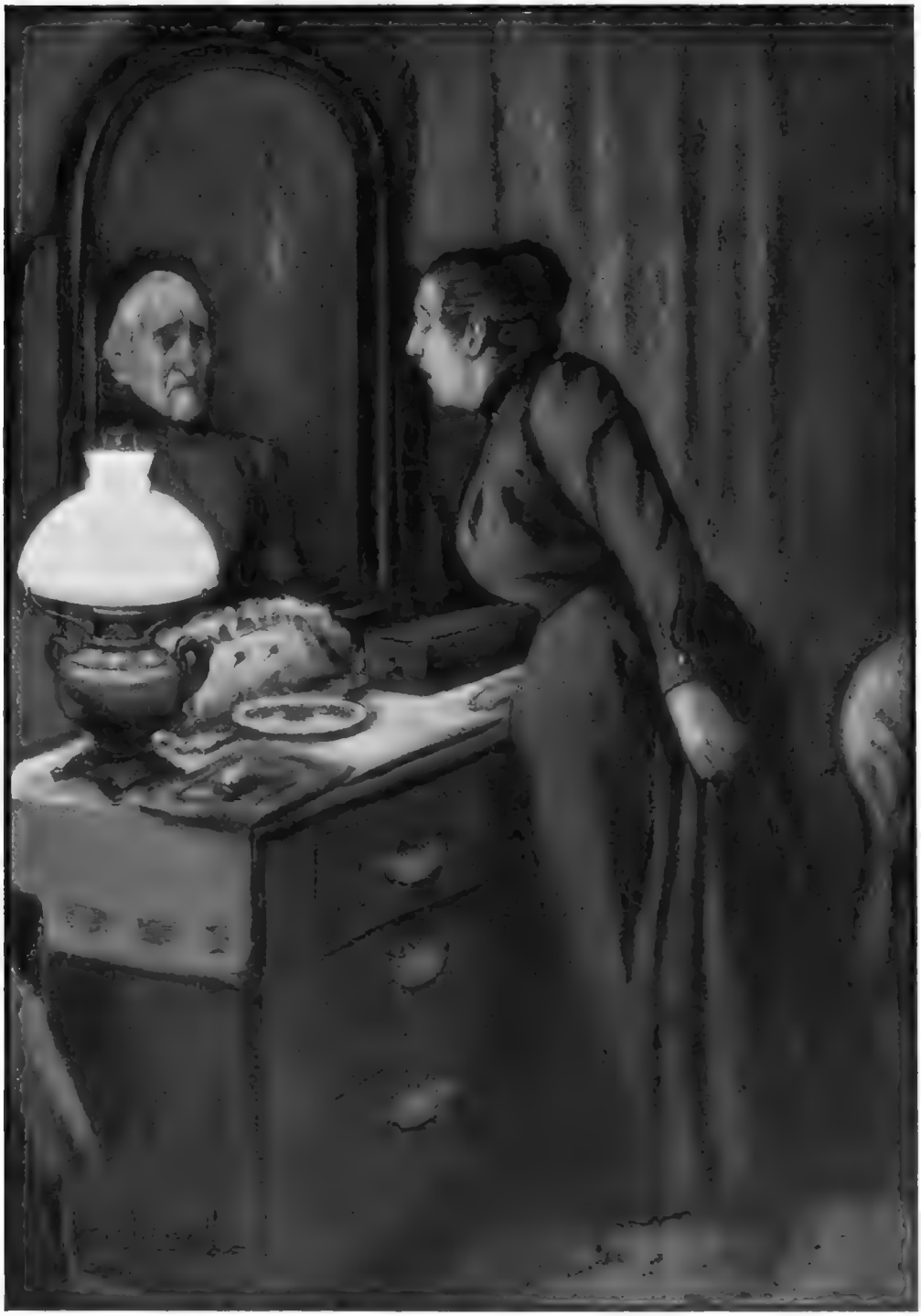

"THE FACE OF A VERY OLD WOMAN, SCOWLING FOREVER."

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of bitter resentment, and not against the mother and sister who had so treated her own mother, but against her own mother herself, and then she became aware of a like bitterness extended to her own self. She felt malignant toward her mother as a young girl whom she remembered, though she could not have remembered, and she felt malignant toward her own self, and her sister Amanda, and Flora. Evil suggestions surged in her brain—suggestions which turned her heart to stone and which still fascinated her. And all the time by a sort of double consciousness she knew that what she thought was strange and not due to her own volition. She knew that she was thinking the thoughts of some other person, and she knew who. She felt herself possessed.

But there was tremendous strength in the woman's nature. She had inherited strength for good and righteous self-assertion from the evil strength of her ancestors. They had turned their own weapons against themselves. She made an effort which seemed more than human, and was conscious that the hideous thing was gone from her. She thought her own thoughts. Then she scouted to herself the idea of anything supernatural about the terrific experience. "I am imagining everything," she told herself.

She went on with her preparations; she went to the bureau to take down her hair. She looked in the glass and saw, instead of her own face, middle-aged and good to see, with its expression of a life of honesty and good-will to others and patience under trials, the face of a very old woman scowling forever with unceasing hatred and misery at herself and all others, at life and death, at that which had been and that which was to come. She saw, instead of her own face in the glass, the face of her dead Aunt Harriet, topping her own shoulders in her own well-known dress!

Sophia Gill left the room. She went into the one which she shared with her sister Amanda. Amanda looked up and saw her standing there with her handkerchief pressed to her face.

"Oh, Sophia, let me call in somebody. Is your face hurt? Sophia, what is the matter with your face?" fairly shrieked Amanda.

Suddenly Sophia took the handkerchief from her face.

"Look at me, Amanda Gill," she said.

Amanda looked, shrinking.

"What is it? Oh, what is it? You don't look hurt. What is it, Sophia?"

"What do you see?"

"Why, I see you."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. What did you think I would see?"

Sophia Gill looked at her sister.

"Never as long as I live will I tell you what I thought you would see, and you must never ask me," said she. "I am going to sell this house."

LIFE.

By

Margaret Ridgely Schott.

WE weave, like Eastern slaves against the loom,
Our tangled skeins of checkered shade and bloom;

Breathless—we watch the vivid colors blend,
But may not know the pattern till the end.

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AN INVITATION TO THE FOREST.

The gate, true to Vermont custom, is hung on a living tree.

Photograph by Wallace Nutting.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

By Henry Childs Merwin.

IT is a well-known fact that rural New England has declined in wealth, in population, and perhaps we ought to add, in character. There are towns in which thousands of acres have passed from mowing land into pasture, and from pasture into forest. It is astonishing how easily and how quickly nature reclaims the soil which man had painfully subdued to his own uses. The deer browses where before the war the farmer swung his scythe; a few cattle and sheep roam over the territory, fast growing up to brushes and trees, which once formed six or eight well-cultivated farms. The buildings have disappeared so completely, that you could scarcely tell where they once stood, were it not for the rosebush which marks the site, and which still blooms in its season, though nobody be at hand to enjoy its fragrance or its beauty. Even the fruit of the apple-trees in the orchard near by is seldom gathered, except by the bears who come down from the hills and shake the trees on frosty nights in autumn; and who, when other provisions fail, have been known to carry off a lamb or a heifer.

In some cases whole towns have been abandoned. Two travellers on foot once arrived just after sunset at a small village in the southern part of Vermont, where they hoped to put up for the night. It was beautifully situated on high ground, and the buildings formed a square surrounding a wide green or common. At the upper end could be distinguished in the dusk a well-shaped church, having the unusual ornament of a tower instead of a steeple, and, beside it, a large school-house. On the corner, as you entered the village, was the tavern, a long, low building with a hospitable piazza running its full length; and perhaps a dozen substantial, square-built houses completed the hamlet. But alas! no smoke ascended; no lights were seen; no voice was heard. Grass, it appeared, was growing in the street; the roof of the church had fallen in; the windows of the school-house were all broken, and birds had nested on the piazza of the tavern. The whole place was wrapped in silence and in solitude; and the weary travellers were compelled to trudge some five miles farther.

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This village received its first wound when four or five of its more enterprising families emigrated to the West; three men were lost in the Civil War; and the proximity of a large town drew away the remainder. In greater or less degree the same things have happened all over rural New England.

In some parts of New England, however, the growth of cities and large towns has been a source of wealth to the farmers; and this is especially true of the country situated within thirty miles of Boston. In that region, market gardening and the production of milk for city consumption have made farming a profitable occupation. At nightfall all through the year, and especially in the summer months, hundreds of market wagons, laden with asparagus, strawberries, peas and beans, tomatoes, apples or potatoes, according to the season, start from scattered houses nestled among the trees in the deep quiet of the country, and creep slowly toward Boston, which they reach anywhere between ten at night and three or four in the morning. A lighted lantern hangs from the hind axle to prevent "rear-end" collisions, and the driver, muffled in a greatcoat to keep out the night chill, dozes on the box, or thinks about his girl, or wonders what the new horse in his team will do when he meets his first electric car. Sometimes marauders steal a box of strawberries or a barrel of apples from the back part of the wagon; highway robberies, by force and violence, are not unknown; and even ghosts have been seen by the lonely wagoner wending his way on a dark night across the wide marshes which lie between Lynn and Boston, or threading the dense woods on the Trapelo turnpike. The humors and dangers of this bucolic road have never found their way into prose or verse; but they may yet be sung by some poetic teamster, who, night after night, beholds the stars move lazily across the sky as if to keep time with the tramp of his horses' feet, or with the slow creaking of his heavy wagon wheels.

The market gardener or milk producer is not, however, a typical New England farmer. He is simply a townsman, with, perhaps, a ruddier glow of health in his cheek. He wears patent leather shoes, drives a fast horse, and has "social ambitions." Let us turn from him to the real thing, the true inheritor of the past, the backwoods farmer of northern New England, who smacks of the soil, who has all the virtues and all the vices of a civilization which is only just ceasing to be primitive. What is he? In the first place, he is of purer English descent than is perhaps any other American. French Canadians and Nova Scotians have come in of late, but otherwise there is scarcely any admixture of foreign blood in northern New England. Hence you may see here types of Anglo-Saxon beauty—fair-haired women, with deep blue eyes, full lips and figures abounding in graceful curves; long-limbed, muscular young men, with well-shaped heads, erect figures, and graceful carriage, such youths as Walt Whitman wrote about, and such as made the heroic and pathetic victims of the Civil War.

The "Yankee twang" is seldom heard here; the people do not talk through their noses, but in full chest tones; and the women, as a rule, have rich, and often musical voices. Is not Maine known as the mother of prima donnas? Annie Louise Carey, Nordica, and Emma Eames are children of her soil. The Anglo-Saxons were noted for their musical talents; and it is not altogether fanciful to suppose that the love of music, which is still very common in northern New England, is derived by direct descent from those eighth-century Englishmen, of whom we read that even a peasant was disgraced among his fellows if he could not sing to the harp, and that the ability to improvise was the necessary accomplishment of a gentleman. A small town might be named in which no less than twenty-four fiddlers were once assembled, out of a total population of not more than one thousand souls. Here and there you will find men who not only play upon violins, but who make them as well, by way of amusement for the stormy days and long nights of winter.

But we were speaking of the good looks that occur so frequently in the household of the New England farmer. Good looks are very largely a matter of good nerves, else why are gamblers almost invariably handsome men? Good nerves, in turn, are inseparable from good health; and it is in the country, especially in the New England country, that you find the best health. Much is said, indeed, and with some truth, about the ill-health of the New England farmer, and especially of his wife. In many families the food is badly chosen and badly

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Photograph by A. R. Dugmore.

FELLING AN EIGHTY-FOOT SUGAR-MAPLE IN VERMONT.

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cooked—mince pie instead of beefsteak, a doughnut in place of a boiled egg. It was the doctor himself who, returning early one morning, after a night visit to a patient, stopped at a farm-house on his way home, and asked for a piece of pie and a piece of cake as a sort of preliminary breakfast! With such an example, what can be expected? Too much food of this character, and too much fried food often produce dyspepsia; and the fancy of the dyspeptic farmer fondly turns to the latest patent medicine. The old superstition that medicine is not a science, but a kind of black or magic art still lingers in the country. There are farmers to-day who never wean their lambs except as the zodiac guides. In a certain northern county four or five well-educated, competent physicians are established, but not one of them enjoys so good an income as is reaped by a cross-roads practitioner, a mixture of revivalist, horse-doctor, and quack, who goes up and down the county selling infallible remedies.

Another cause of ill-health is the want of ventilation in the houses. Few people think it necessary to "air out" a house in winter; in most houses the windows are kept closed, with rare exceptions, from October till June; the method of heating is usually a close stove; and the result is that when you open the front door of the house to go in you are saluted by a blast of foul air. This lack of fresh air tells especially upon the women, who in winter are very much shut up, seldom going out except to drive to church or to a funeral, or to some festivity; and it is probably the main cause of consumption in New England.

But when you find a sound, healthy New England farmer, and he is by no means scarce, you have found a man tougher and hardier than any city-bred contemporary. All the amusements of the country boy involve exercise. He plays ball, goes fishing, berrying, nutting, bird-nesting, hunting, and in winter he coasts down hill, skates, breaks a yoke of steers, and tramps immense distances in the pursuit of deer, foxes, and rabbits. Even the laziest of farmers is obliged to cut and "fit" his firewood, to plough and harrow, to sow and weed, to

Wallace Nutting.

REFRESHMENT FROM A SUN-BONNET.

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A. E. Dugmore.

THE EDGE OF A VERMONT WOOD.

hoe, to do his haying, to get in his apples and potatoes, to keep his buildings and fences in some kind of repair, to work out his road taxes, to shovel the snow from his paths in winter, to break out the roads, and to do a thousand other things which involve exercise in the fresh air.

A man may, perhaps, become equally muscular by means of indoor exercise or labor; but he will not have the endurance or the nerve force of the countryman.

There is a certain baseball club composed of farmers' boys who never by any chance practise together, except when they play a match; and yet they have had astonishing success, due chiefly to the firmness of their nerves. They are famous for snatching victory from the jaws of defeat. To reach the ninth inning with the other side ahead; then to have two men out, and two strikes called on the man at the bat—that is the kind of situation, fitted to shatter the nerves of an ordinary nine, which seems to put these bucolic youngsters on their mettle. It is just the stimulus which they require.

It was the catcher of this nine, a long-limbed, rangy fellow who once walked twenty miles in the morning, in order to be on hand for a match game in the afternoon, and at the end of nine hard innings seemed as fit and as elastic as if he had been resting all day. It was the pitcher of the same nine who, having "hired out" with a farmer that season, got up at three o'clock one morning, did a full day's work for his employer, and coming on to the ball field at 2 P.M., pitched all the afternoon with lightning rapidity, and wound up by dancing all the evening in the pavilion. (The farmer discharged him, by the way, for neglect of duty.)

The girls are not so strong; and yet we have in mind a certain blonde beauty who taught a district school, walked ten miles every day in going to and from the schoolhouse, and, in the early morning and at night did all the housework of a large family, except the cooking. Gil Curry cultivates a rocky, outlying farm, and his wife, Malvina, supplies all the summer visitors with butter, comes to the village every day with fresh eggs and vegetables, and helps the men folks in haying time, besides, of course, doing the cooking and other housework. And yet in the very height of the season, Malvina may be seen at the vil-

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lage dances, of a Saturday night, gayly footing a measure, with her husband or with her oldest boy. She is a slight but well-formed, wiry woman, and there are few men who can beat her at breaking a colt or handling a vicious horse. A prize was once offered at the County Fair for the best pair of family horses to be driven by a woman. At that time, Tim Luker, who is described in local parlance as "kind of smart," happened to have a well-matched span of black, long-tailed Wilkes colts, which certainly never had been driven by a woman, and which were not particularly adapted for that purpose, since they had a habit, on very slight provocation, of "taking to the woods," that is, bolting off the road. Tim, however, conceived the bold design of employing Malvina Curry to drive these horses at the Fair; and she managed them with so much skill and resolution, and, at the same time, with so little apparent effort or difficulty that they carried off the prize.

"Whispering" Harvey, as we call him, because he always speaks with a roar, may be taken as one type of the backwoods farmer. He is a short, thickset, square-shouldered man, with a head of bushy red hair, and a tangled beard—altogether a very furry animal. He cultivates a mountain farm, lives on coarse food, chiefly salt pork, baked beans, and rye bread, and prefers oxen to horses. It is computed that on a still day you can hear him driving a yoke of steers for a distance of at least two miles around.

Mr. Harvey has the three cardinal virtues, as some people esteem them: that is, he neither smokes, chews, nor drinks; and he is regular in his attendance at church, whither he is always accompanied by his wife and about a dozen children. Unlike most of his townsmen, he is an exceedingly hard worker, and he never takes a holiday, except on Thanksgiving Day, the Fourth of July, and a day or two in August to attend the annual camp-meeting. Despite his industry, however, he is a very careless, shiftless man, and his sheds, barns, and barnyard are models of unneatness. His harness is always breaking; his wagon wheels are always coming off. He was gored once by a bull, and at another time kicked by a horse; but it is a popular belief that nothing except old age can kill him. He is a hard man, having little feeling himself, and being somewhat regardless of the feelings of others. No one ever knew "Whispering" Harvey to drive a plump horse; and his cows get more kicks than caresses. He likes to buy things cheap, being, as we say, of a "craving" disposition; and a vicious, thoroughly unpleasant horse or ox can usually be sold to him, provided that the beast is a good puller. Such was "the Toothaker mare," so called, a tall, rangy, "spiteful" animal, with a thin head, narrow forehead, and long, pointed ears which, when pricked forward, actually touched each other at their tips, a most unusual formation. The Toothaker mare was chock full of temper and energy, and when she started, something was bound to come. Harvey and two other men were once returning from a mountain meadow with a load of hay drawn by this mare. A rocky stream intervened, and, the bridge being unsafe, Harvey undertook to lead the mare directly across the stream with the wagon behind her. The mare did not like the situation, and when she felt the load pressing against her as she descended the bank, she gave one mighty spring. Harvey held gamely to the bridle; one fore wheel struck a huge stone, the wagon parted, the hind wheels went up in the air, and the whole load, tipping forward, fell on the man and the mare, completely burying them, with the wagon on top to keep everything snug. The two other men did not expect to see their companion alive again, but they bestirred themselves manfully to clear away the wreck. One of them, a famous wrestler, afterward declared that he lifted at least half a ton himself, when the heavy wagon, with the hind wheels attached, was moved aside. The hay was then carefully pitched off, and at last "Whispering" Harvey was discovered, still holding fast to the horse, and not much the worse, except that the wind was knocked out of him, his clothes were torn, and the mare had trampled a good deal on his feet.

These digressions will be pardoned, we trust, by the indulgent reader, for they tend to throw light on the character that we are discussing. The sub-stratum of that character is Anglo-Saxon or English, but it has undergone some radical changes. The Englishman—the modern Englishman, at least—can do but one thing; that, namely, by which he gets his living. Mowing machines, for example, came into use in England very slowly indeed, because those who

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Wallace Nutting.

WAITING FOR THE "AUTO" TO PASS.

This farmer, an excellent representative of the last century, is over eighty years old, is well educated, and has served in the legislature.

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A. R. Dugmore.

RETURN FROM OPENING THE ROAD WITH A SNOW-PLOW. A VERMONT SCENE.

were to use them had not sufficient mechanical ability or experience to keep them in repair. But the early New England farmer was compelled by his isolated situation to do everything for himself. He might be half a day's journey even from a blacksmith; and there was no running around the corner for a carpenter or a doctor. His wife and daughters made the family clothes; and his wife, except in severe cases, was the family physician and surgeon. The farmer himself could build a new barn, repair all his tools, and make most of them; and he was not only a farmer, but also a hunter, trapper, lumberman, horse-breaker, butcher, and perhaps revivalist or fiddler—or both by turns.

The world never saw before, and probably never will see again, such a manual training school as the old New England farm; and to a great extent it still retains that character. The mechanical ingenuity thus acquired sometimes blossoms into genius. A farmer's boy once made a clock with no other tools than a hand-saw, a gimlet, and a jack-knife. "It won't go," said his father. "Wait and see," said the boy. It happened that he set it running for the first time upon an excessively cold night. The next morning all the "boughten" clocks—there were three in the house—had stopped, but the home-made clock ticked merrily on, and it is going yet. Another farmer's son taught himself mathematics and astronomy, acquired the German and French tongues, became the correspondent of various learned men in Europe, and obtained a high position in the United States Coast Survey. He died young, and his meteoric career is now almost forgotten, even by his relatives. If you inquire at any New England college as to the proficiency of the farmer-boy undergraduates, you will find that though they may be lacking in the classics, they are almost invariably good at mathematics.

Next to his versatility and mechanical ability, the most remarkable thing about the farmer of northern New England is the easy-going philosophy which rules his life. He works as little and worries as little as possible; whereas the true Yankee, the inhabitant of central and southern New England, considers it a religious duty to work

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all the time, Sundays excepted. If you see *him* out fishing upon a fair day, you may conclude that he is either the village reprobate, or else one who has failed in life, who, having ceased to be "respectable," is now trying to be happy.

Both types of men, the true Yankee, as we have called him, and his northern contemporary, have a philosophy, but their philosophies are different; they look at life from different points of view. The farmer of northern New England takes his stand upon the principle that leisure is better than wealth. Idleness is no more a crime to him than it is to a bear or a deer. Nevertheless, he is capable of great exertions. Our neighbor, Cal How, did all the haying on his farm one year with almost no assistance. He was up by three o'clock in the morning, cut the grass with a scythe, having no mowing machine, raked it with a horse-rake, pitched it on the wagon, putting each forkful in the proper spot, and having a small boy to tread it down, and then, in the barn, both pitched it off and mowed it away, the latter being done chiefly on rainy days. Between July 1st and August 15th that year Cal lost fifty pounds of good, hard flesh, and during the last ten days of the period he was so fatigued, that he could keep nothing but gruel on his stomach. Again, when the logs are floated in the spring, and great haste is necessary lest the water should fall before the logs have been driven, men frequently work for two or three days and nights together, without stopping, except to eat.

FOX HUNTING IN VERMONT. *A. R. Dugmore.*

But, as a general thing, our rule is never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow. You will see fathers of families, nay, able-bodied grandfathers of families, sunning themselves on the stoop of the village store, and talking about horses or politics when they might be at work. Cyrus Clark, the miller, who weighs about three hundred pounds, and has six or eight grandchildren, is still the most enthusiastic dancer in his town. Though sixty years old or more, he is as light on his feet as any slim girl in her teens. Myron Mabee who was a cavalryman in the Civil War will leave his farm-work at any time to witness a game of baseball. To be sure, he always comes in his shirt-sleeves, with an axe or a hoe in his hands, but that is to give the impression that he has stopped casually on his way to work. Harry Cutts, the game warden, is another practical exponent of the epicurean

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M. P. Cram.

A PART OF HER WORK.

philosophy. Mr. Cutts has a large farm to run, and a large family, including a married daughter with children of her own; but the cares of this world sit lightly on him: fishing and hunting are, in his view, the serious duties of life. He is a rather tall, wiry man, with high cheek-bones, and keen blue eyes humorously twinkling in deep caverns. There is a slight stoop in his shoulders, such as one gets by continually creeping through the woods in search of game; but he has not a gray hair in his head, and he is still a favorite partner for the dance. In his youth he was a Lothario: few women, it is said, could resist him. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, for he is a mixture of humorist and daredevil! There is always the same quiet smile lurking around the corners of his mouth, whether he is playing the fiddle at a dance, confronting a bull moose in the rutting season, or sitting behind the wickedest colt that ever was harnessed to a

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A. R Dugmore.

A PART OF HIS WORK.

road-cart. Harry Cutts, with two others, once climbed the precipitous side of Black Mountain, where no human foot, so far as is known, had ever trod before. His two companions, wild fellows, made wilder still by drinking "split," that is, alcohol and water, a common tipple in prohibition States, insisted on making the ascent; and finding that he could not prevent their doing so, Harry went with them at the risk of his life. Before they had gone far, the two tipsy men would have been very glad to re-

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turn; but to go back was impossible, and under Harry's guidance they at last reached the top, thoroughly sobered, drenched with perspiration, and trembling in every limb. "By Heaven, Harry," said one of them, with great solemnity, "you have saved our lives!" "Well," replied Cutts, with his usual smile, "never say anything about it; I don't want folks to know how I waste my time."

Nobody ever yet entered Arthur York's carpenter shop without his apologizing for the dirt and disorder that always reign there. "I haven't had a chance to clear up to-day," is his invariable remark; "I've been terrible busy." And yet for the past hour you have heard the strains of his violin wafted from the loft over the shop, where he practises in those "odd moments" which constitute the greater part of his day.

Bustling people who come here from the "West," *i.e.*, from Boston, New Haven, New York, or inland towns, are prone to criticise the lordly native. "Why doesn't he pull up those weeds?" "His barnyard is frightfully dirty." "That wagon hasn't been washed since last spring." "His harness needs oiling." "That horse would look better if some of the dirt was taken out of him." "Why don't they mend this plank walk? It's full of big holes." "Some of those dead trees would make good firewood." "This stable floor hasn't been swept since the Fourth of July." "That broken sleigh was lying there when I was here a year ago." "The weather vane is stuck;" and so forth, and so forth.

The things thus complained of ought doubtless to be attended to, but if they *were* attended to, if our easy-going philosopher should become a hustling, tidy, energetic man, would not the charm of his character evaporate? It is certain that his humor would be lost, for that is mainly the fruit of leisure. It is the humor of men who, taking life easily, have a benevolent perception of the weaknesses of human nature, as revealed both in themselves and in others. Joe Waddle, a very mean man, notorious for economizing in firewood, lost his dog by death, and he suspected that the animal had been poisoned by his neighbor, Captain Eb. York, to whom he intimated something of the sort. "Poisoned!" exclaimed the captain. "Pshaw! that dog wasn't poisoned; he simply died of cold. It was so cold in your house that he froze to death. The dog would have been all right if you had opened the door and let him out."

Shortly after the latest Presidential election, John Schermerhorn, a prominent Democrat, came to the store for some molasses, and, by mistake, handed to the storekeeper, or trader, as we call him, his kerosene can. The trader, being careless, filled the can with molasses; and the next day John came back in great wrath to complain of the error. "Confound it," said he, "you ought to have *seen* that it was a kerosene can!" "Why, I *did* see it," said the trader, without a moment's hesitation. "Of course I saw it; but I supposed that you *wanted* to have your molasses in a kerosene can. I have been mixing up kerosene and molasses, as a regular thing, for you Democrats to *taper off on*, ever since the election."

Tom Patch, a little, fluent, excitable man, very religious, and yet somewhat profane, was hired for the haying season one year, along with several other men, by Uncle Azel Holmes. The first morning, after a very early breakfast, Uncle Azel read a short chapter from the Bible, according to his custom, and then asked Tom Patch to lead in prayer. Tom did so, and with the mischievous intention of delaying the day's labor, he made an unusually comprehensive petition, lasting some fifteen minutes. Long before he finished, Uncle Azel became very restless and nervous; he fidgetted in his chair, coughed, cleared his throat, blew his nose, but forbore to interfere by more direct means; and at last Tom came to an end. Afterward, in the field, talking with one of the men about his prayer, Tom said: "I know Uncle Azel didn't like it; but, darn him, if he asks me to pray, he's got to take it just as I give it to him." During the remainder of that haying season, it is related, Uncle Azel did the praying himself, and his prayers were short.

Tom Patch belonged to a past generation, and he may be taken as the type of a character which was found in almost every village. Though an ignorant man, he was a ready speaker, and he dearly loved the excitements of a revival meeting. On one such occasion, when all his hearers had been wrought to a high pitch of religious fervor, Tom, in a long prayer, poured out at the top of his shrill voice, invoked the presence of the Almighty. "Come down, O Lord!" he cried. "Come down. Don't stop to go

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A. R. Dugmore.

OPENING THE ROAD WITH THE SNOW-PLOUGH. SCENE IN VERMONT.

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round by the door; come right down through the shingles, and I'll pay the damage."

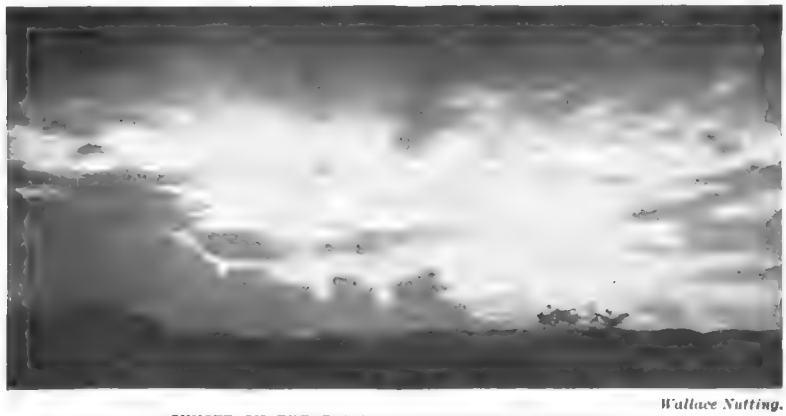
On another occasion, at a prayer-meeting in the district school-house, old Tom made a tearful address, in which he took leave of all who were present, saying that he was going away, and might never look upon their faces again, and concluding with the familiar formula, "When it is well with you, pray for me." The little school-house was filled with curiosity, for, although everybody there was a neighbor or friend of Tom Patch, none of them had heard of any intended journey. Accordingly, at the close of the meeting, they crowded around him to learn where he was going. "Well," said Tom, "I'm going haying on Uncle Jim Merrow's farm, and I shall be away for two whole weeks." Uncle Jim Merrow, it should be explained, lived about four miles off.

Tom Patch was so unfortunate as to have for wife a notorious virago, named Abigail, such a woman as would in earlier days have been sentenced to be ducked in the nearest pond, or to be placed in the stocks, with her tongue fastened by a cleft stick. Once, Abigail and Tom had a violent quarrel at breakfast-time, but this did not prevent their joining in the family prayers which always followed breakfast. Abigail, however, was still contumacious, and at the end of every request which Tom laid before the Almighty she would exclaim in malignant tones, "God forbid!" At last, provoked beyond endurance, Tom ended his prayer with "O God, reform Abigail or kill her; I'm not partickerlar which."

But alas! Abigail was neither reformed nor killed. Tom in his old age was stricken with blindness, and in that condition he became the helpless victim of his wife's tyranny, as much so as if they two had been living alone on a desert island. She compelled him to labor in the fields and in the garden, despite his infirmity, standing over the old man with a stick in her hands, and not hesitating to strike him on the head if he happened to cut a vegetable instead of a weed with his hoe or spade. There is even a dreadful story, which we forbear to relate, of the death-bed of Tom Patch, and of the manner in which his end was hastened by the remorseless Abigail.

The "good old times" in New England were times in which acts of extreme cruelty passed without interference. The farmer, living in an isolated situation, was, in many respects, a law unto himself; his personal tendencies had full scope, whether they led to acts of benevolence, of harmless eccentricity, or of brutality. The life was hard, and it made men hard.

Nor has this insensibility entirely disappeared. The treatment of dumb animals is still, on the whole, a cruel treatment. Lame horses are worked, and offending horses are beaten. Cattle and swine are nearly starved in winter, in order to economize fodder and grain. These acts are perpetrated by a considerable minority, and the community in general does not greatly condemn them. They constitute, in fact, what some people consider to be the chief blot upon the character of the New England farmer.



Wallace Nutting.

SUNSET ON THE FARM, ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT.

The effect of the diverging rays is very unusual.

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It is a serious matter for Chinese families to decide how the bodies of their dead should be buried. The proper position varies from day to day, and can only be determined by professional geomancers. Outside the gate of Wu Chang many coffins wait sometimes for months before they are buried.

WU CHANG CITY GATES.

TUAN FANG, CONFUCIAN.

By Francis H. Nichols.

IN the Spring of 1900 there came to Sian over the Imperial telegraph wire from Peking a message to Tuan Fang, Governor of Shensi. This telegram, sent by the reactionary Boxer Council of the Empress Dowager, directed the Governor to exterminate, immediately, all the foreigners in Shensi. Because of its source it had all the force of a command from the Emperor. Telegrams of similar import, sent to the Governors of other provinces, had been obeyed to the letter, and massacres of missionaries were then in progress in various parts of the empire. But Tuan Fang did not obey the Imperial command; instead, he saved the lives of all the missionaries in his province. Yet recent despatches from China announce the intention of the Government to give this same Tuan Fang one of the most important appointments in the empire, making him Viceroy of the Yangtze provinces. By way of explanation, we are told that this astonishing appointment of one generally accredited with feelings of friendliness toward foreigners and a predilection for "gospel light," is but one of the many acts by which the Government means to prove to the world that the policy of four thousand years has been at last reversed, that China has begun to reform, and that she is now fairly started on the road to modernity and to the "learning of the West." Very good. But concerning the generally accepted idea of Tuan Fang's character and motives, nothing can be further from the truth. Probably no governor in all the eighteen provinces more keenly disliked missionaries than did Tuan Fang when he saved their lives at the jeopardy of his own. He has always been outspoken in his calm contempt of Christianity. He is not one of those twentieth-century Chinese politicians who believe in swinging Confucian civilization into the path along which imitative Japan is rushing to "take her place among the nations." Tuan Fang is essentially a Chinaman of the old school. He is a conservative Confucian, and as such supremely indifferent to the opinions of other nations regarding his country. The moral courage which nerved him to disobey his Emperor and rescue men whom he also despised was due to no extraneous influences; and it is just this fact which makes the proposed Viceroy of the Yangtze the most interesting character in the public life of China to-day.

The Tuans have for several generations been one of the richest and most powerful of the Manchu houses. Their sons and daughters have intermarried with the Imperial family. Tuan Fang's cousin, Prince Tuan, was the acknowledged leader of the Boxer movement at court, and until recently the latter's son, Ta A Ko, had been recognized as heir apparent to the throne, and as

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From a photograph in possession of The Spirit of Missions.

HIS EXCELLENCY TUAN FANG, GOVERNOR OF HUPEH.

Watching boys exercising on the horizontal bar.

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Crown Prince accorded honors second only to the Emperor. The estates of the Tuans are in Turkestan, the land where still linger the traditions of the days when Genghis Khan was conquering and burning half the world.

The early life of Tuan Fang was passed in the court at Peking, where the influence and prestige of his family were paramount. Family precedents and obligations rest with much greater weight upon the Chinese than they do upon us, and before he was many years old Tuan Fang realized that to be worthy of his ancestors he must hate the foreigner with all the accumulated bitterness of generations of prejudice.

After a long service on the governmental boards at the capital, Tuan Fang was, in 1898, made Governor of the Province of Shensi. His appointment was part of the sweeping reactionary scheme of official removals and transfers that followed the resumption of power by the Empress Dowager and the virtual imprisonment of the Emperor on an island in a lake of the summer palace. Because of Tuan Fang's antecedents, the Empress Dowager believed that he could be relied upon to support her in her anti-foreign movement.

Within the borders of his own province, a Chinese Governor, be it said, is absolute. In isolated Shensi, therefore, too far inland to be affected by foreign influences, the Governor's word is law, indeed, even beyond that of the Emperor himself in Peking. Few potentates have greater power. At first the people of old, conservative, ultramontane Shensi were inclined to look with disfavor upon the new Governor, whose family, though great and powerful, had been Chinese for less than a thousand years. To the original race of Shensi, Mongols and Manchus are moderns, so in spite of his Imperial relatives, Tuan Fang was in Sian almost a *parvenu*. But his eight million subjects soon discovered that he was quite as ultra Chinese as they. He governed firmly and justly in accordance with Shensi standards, manifesting an intense regard for the precedents and traditions of the people over whom he ruled. He was a philosopher, too, and a student, and soon gathered about him as advisors a number of the native scholars. From these men he seems to have acquired something of the stoicism that is peculiar to Shensi—the stoicism which holds that violent hatred, even of one so contemptible as a foreigner, is barbarous, but that silent scorn is an indication of a high state of civilization.

Now the only foreigners in Shensi are the missionaries, about fifteen in number and scattered over the province. Only during

MR. MOIR B. DUNCAN.
"The Missionary of Sian."

the last ten years have they been allowed to labor there, and their endeavors have never been sufficiently concentrated or aggressive to be taken seriously by the people whose souls they had sought to win. Moreover, in Shensi there was none of the fierce anti-Christian sentiment that found vent in the mob violence of Shantung and Chili. The foreign religion, which taught that the Emperor was not the Son of Heaven, but only a poor godless heathen, was too absurd to be dangerous. To persecute one so insignificant as a missionary was beneath the dignity of the oldest race on earth. So that, taken altogether, the missionary question was not a cause of great disturbance in Shensi.

But there was one foreigner who was neither ignored nor despised. As the representative of a British missionary society, Mr. Moir B. Duncan was the first white man permitted to live in Sian. An earnest and devoted pleader for Christianity, he possessed the rare faculty of liking men with

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whom he disagreed. He liked the Sianese, and in consequence they liked him and respected him. In the course of time Mr. Duncan came to know Tuan Fang, and a deep friendship grew up between them. Though well aware that neither would ever convince the other, they had many discussions as to the relative merits of their religions—discussions always conducted "in a spirit of brotherly love and with no hard feelings on either side." Mr. Duncan has often told me that he was proud to call Tuan Fang his friend; and there can be no doubt that it was his acquaintance with the brave, kindly missionary which first convinced the Governor that a foreigner could be something other than a devil.

THE PUBLIC SQUARE, SIAN.

The building shown in the background is the Governor's Yamen, adjoining his palace.

From the author's "Through Hidden Shensi," reproduced by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is difficult to realize on our side of the world what it means for a Chinese official to disobey his Emperor. So great is the crime that the death penalty does not expiate it. The offender "loses face" forever, and unless the offense is pardoned (which very seldom happens) his name is removed from the family tablets and his descendants for generations speak of him in shame and humiliation. So, upon signing the "Yangtze compact," the Governors of some of the southern provinces, while they promised the representatives of foreign governments to remain neutral during the Boxer uprising, and to take no active steps toward carrying out the extermination order, could yet urge in extenuation of their conduct that the presence of war-ships at Shanghai and gunboats on the river within easy call of the foreign concessions made it impossible for them to comply with the Emperor's command. But for Tuan Fang no such plea was possible. In his isolated province he could have persecuted missionaries without the fear of foreign menace. Across the Yellow River, in the sister province of Shansi, the Governor obeyed to the letter the Imperial order, and without the very slightest hindrance deliberately murdered more than fifty missionaries.

Nevertheless, Tuan Fang, after taking council with several of the wise men of Sian, announced his intention to save the lives of the men whose religion he despised. He did this after mature deliberation, realizing that he was probably "losing his face" forever, that he was violating the traditions and precedents of his family, and bringing upon himself the execrations of his relatives. Tuan Fang had a Confucian conscience. That conscience told him that to kill men who had not wronged him would be murder, and a murderer he could not and would not be. This was the only reason he gave for his moral courage;

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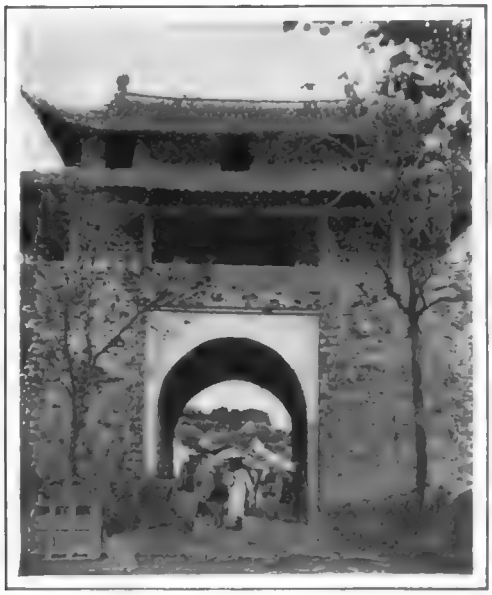
but I believe there was a secondary cause. In obeying the order he would have had to kill a man who was his friend, who could argue intensely and fiercely and still smile good-naturedly over a friendly cup of tea. No; the Governor really could not kill Mr. Duncan.

So by Tuan Fang's orders all the missionaries within the province were gathered into Sian. There they were informed of the Governor's intention to send them out of Shensi. Some of them demurred. They said that a mistake had been made somewhere—that the Chinese Government could not be capable of such a cruel and unprecedented course as to order their destruction. They insisted upon their right to remain, and if necessary they would wear the martyr's crown. To these objections Tuan Fang refused to listen. He informed the missionaries that they were virtually his prisoners, and that he would exercise his prerogative of saving their lives if he saw fit to do so. Under an escort of two hundred Shensi soldiers they were sent through the Tsingling Mountains, across Honan into Hupeh, within communicating distance of Hankow and foreign protection. For those of the missionaries who were without money for travelling expenses the Governor provided from his own private funds.

Then Tuan Fang, with the shadow of death resting upon him, went about the administration of the affairs of his province. All Sian believed that within a few days the courier from Peking would arrive with the silken cord that signifies suicide in expiation of official crime. But in the meantime the fortunes of war and of China had changed. The fall of Tientsin had made the Empress Dowager waver in her endeavor to drive the foreigner from China. While not yet prepared for that policy of friendliness which she has since inaugurated, she yet deemed it advisable not to add to the wrath of the powers by ordering the death of a man who had rendered so conspicuous a service to foreign residents. So the Governor of Shensi's sentence was suspended.



GREAT EAST GATE, WU CHANG.

In preparation for a sudden command of the Emperor to visit him at the capital, Tuan Fang kept a residence in readiness at Peking. This residence, as is the case with most mandarins' houses, contained much valuable bric-a-brac and rare furniture, and stored beneath the stone floor were thousands of taels in silver *sy-ce*. After the siege of Peking, one of the first houses looted was this residence of Tuan Fang. Permission to remove its contents was granted to an American missionary, and his congregation began to load the porcelains and furniture on carts to be carried to auction and converted into rice. Now, I have never met

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a Chinaman who cherished the least ill will toward foreign missionaries for adopting "looting" tactics as the only available means of providing food for the thousands of dependent starving people whose property had been destroyed by Boxers and who had suffered persecution and the horrors of siege; but in the haste incident to

THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.

obtaining immediate relief the missionaries made some mistakes in the selection of the particular houses to be despoiled. The fact that Tuan Fang had been instrumental in saving the lives of foreigners was, at that time, not so well known as was his relation to Prince Tuan, so that he might well have been supposed to have sympathized with the Boxer movement.

Among the foreigners in Peking was a Shensi missionary who owed his life to Tuan Fang. Within twenty-four hours after the despoiling of the Governor's house had begun, this missionary received a telegram in Chinese from Sian. That telegram I have seen. I did not take an exact copy of it, but no one who had heard it translated could ever forget its import.

"I am informed by wire from Peking," it said, "that Christians are removing the contents of my house and are selling them for food. You have often talked to me about your religion; I have never agreed with you, but because of my religion I have saved the lives of all the missionaries in my province. I did not think it right to commit murder. As thanks, my house is entered and my property stolen. I shall not demean myself by asking favors of the foreigners who thus repay me for saving the lives of their people. I shall make no protest. I only wish you to realize what is the gratitude of Christians.

"TUAN FANG."

The recipient of the telegram laid it next day before the United States Minister, to whom the American missionary in charge of the despoliation operations was accountable. In good vigorous American Mr. Conger, the Minister, brought his fist down on the desk and declared "this kind of thing has got to stop." Within an hour an American lieutenant and twenty-five soldiers were guarding Tuan Fang's property. They drove out all the Chinese Christians, compelled them to return a large part of the furniture and bric-a-brac, and saved for its owner the silver buried beneath the floor. Then the missionary replied to Tuan Fang's telegram, telling him briefly what had happened, adding: "The Lord of Hosts still reigneth;" and the Governor of Shensi wrote a letter of thanks to the missionary and another to the United States Minister for his kind interference in his behalf.

As soon as the plans of the Imperial exiles were divulged and it became known in Sian that the Emperor and Empress Dowager were on their way thither, Tuan Fang shut himself up in his big brick mansion overlooking the public square and denied himself to any but his most intimate friends. He regarded himself as a man about to die. He sought the council of two or three Confucian scholars, and many times a day prostrated himself before the tablet of the Great Sage, whose wisdom has directed the lives of so many.

Tuan Fang was not aware that the fame of his rescue of the missionaries had spread through every foreign settlement in China, and that by generals and ministers he was lauded as a hero and a friend. Had the Empress Dowager punished the Governor of Shensi she would only have added to that long list of offenses for which by the payment of a money indemnity Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching were then trying to appease the wrath of foreign ministers. One of Her Majesty's first official acts in Sian was to announce how greatly she was pleased with the palace which had been prepared for her by the order of Tuan Fang, and that she had decided to make him Governor of the province of Hupeh. The transfer was regarded by foreigners as a

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promotion, but that was not the opinion in Sian. The presence, in the same city, of an official who had flatly refused to carry out her wishes and whom she dared not punish was to the Empress Dowager a reminder of her own weakness. So Tuan Fang was sent six hundred miles away.

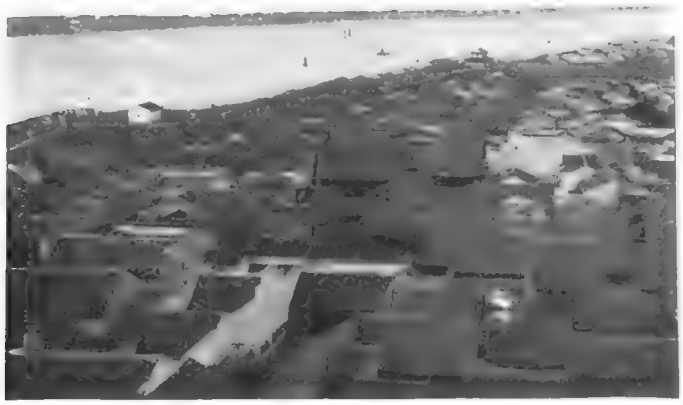
Wu Chang, the capital of Hupeh, is directly across the Yangtze River from Hankow. Mr. Duncan and myself had been only a few hours in the latter city when a messenger rode up to the door. He brought a request from the new Governor that his friend the missionary of Sian would call on him. An invitation to visit Tuan Fang, now a name to conjure with on the Yangtze, was considered a very exceptional honor by Mr. Duncan's friends, and on his return from Wu Chang we crowded round with eager inquiries as to the result of the interview.

"We had a long discussion," said the missionary of Sian, "about the Bible and Christianity. His Excellency told me that he did not regret having saved our lives. He admitted that at the time of the Boxer outbreak he knew very little of missionaries. He is now more fully informed about them, and he wishes them no harm; but he is convinced that the teachings of Confucius are good enough for China, and that she does not need Christianity any more than she does other forms of Western learning."

Tuan Fang is now about fifty-five years old. He has all the calm dignity and self-possession of a Chinese official. He is a severe disciplinarian in the treatment of his subordinates and a martinet on points of mandarin etiquette and decorum. Because of his known conservatism, his policy and official acts are more likely to find favor with the great majority of his countrymen than they would were he one of those radicals who are now doing a vast amount of wild talking about "Japanese methods."

The Viceroy of the Yangtze has greater power than any government official outside the capital. He is monarch of a vast territory between the ocean and the "Great River." In that territory live more than two-thirds of all the foreigners in the empire, so that the Viceroy has more actual dealings with the men from the West than has any other of the Emperor's servants.

The appointment of Tuan Fang would mean the maintenance of the intermediate policy in which the Empress Dowager has recently taken the initiative. China is no longer opposed to the foreigner *per se*. Missionaries will not be molested. Trade with foreign nations will be encouraged, and concessions such as the building of railroads will in some cases be granted to foreign syndicates. China will "progress," but the progression will be from within and not from without. "Reforms" there will be, but only such as the Chinese want, not those which foreigners wish to impose. China must still be the Middle Kingdom, different from the rest of the world. This is the opinion of such Chinamen as the proposed Viceroy of the Yangtze—a man who dared to do right, to whom principle was dearer than life; a man with a Chinese conscience; Tuan Fang, a Confucian.



A CORNER OF WU CHANG.

Beyond is the Yangtze River and opposite is Hankow.

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CHAPTER III.

ABE DARCY made an annual visit to all of his logging camps. No matter what the weather, he drove from one to the other in an open sleigh, and when the round was completed could boast of a century of miles. Some of the way was over the ice logging-roads, a part on the common highway; now he had the shelter of the pine forests, now felt the cruel sweep of wind in the wide-reaching open, now saw the trunks of charred trees in the old barrens, or passed the denuded country where the woodsmen had completed their devastation.

He had, in fact, never ceased to be the practical superintendent of his own vast interests. He liked to give his personal attention to the dams, to see with his own eyes how the launching went on at the landings, to cast an eye over the books of his overseers, to warn the men about fires, and to make a calculation—no man in the North country could make one so accurately—of the probable time it would take to clear a given tract. He meant to buy the Pole if necessary. Nay, if that proved to be the last outlying shaft to be felled, he would fell that. He had no mercy for forests. He was not interested in forestry laws. In regard to timber he was as lacking in sentiment as a pirate. Other men might plant if they pleased. They might seek the pines to hear the melancholy soughing of their branches. But Abe Darcy saw God's creation with a commercial eye; and he looked upon a man who could fell a towering Norway pine in two minutes, with something of the admiration with which a highwayman would regard a brilliant cutthroat.

Above all things, he was a fine captain of men. A carrion-crow could not scent a carcass quicker than Darcy could smell out inefficiency. He paid well, fed well, and he wanted the undivided physical and mental powers of his employees to be concentrated to his interests.

On this particular winter, in preparing for his annual journey, he solicited the company of his son and two other young men. He felt inclined for company, for the truth of the matter was that he found reflection uncomfortable. The serious and pallid face of his daughter reproached him, and the consciousness of an unjust act disturbed his reveries. In the wakeful hours of the night—a man does not sleep as well at sixty-five as he does at thirty—the amiable and sensitive face of the young Frenchman intruded itself upon him, and reminded the old autocrat of the undeserved insults with which he had driven him away.

Agnes was patient. She was proud, too. She never mentioned the name of the lover whom her father had rejected, but she refused to receive attentions from any one else, and in every way carried herself like a woman consecrating herself to an absent lover.

Her father had a memory which enabled him to recall a certain episode of his youth, in which his heart had seemed as a burning fire within him and which had consumed even to ashes the fresh joy of youth. He recollected his days of acute sorrow and his nights of passionate grief, and the pride with which he had concealed these torments from others. The jaded look upon his daughter's face, her restlessness and her indifference to the flattery and devotion of the young men who knew her, convinced him that she was suffering as he had.

In spite of all the nonsense the young men were talking, he could not get all this out of his head as the great horses plunged along the frozen road between the pines. Night began to come down on the sixth day's journey, and a bitter peppering of snow came flurrying from the north. The old man turned up the collar of his fur coat, adjusted the ear-flaps of his cap, and endeavored to make himself comfortable. But in spite of his hardiness he shivered now and then and his bones ached. He found himself watching like an impatient child for the first signs of the camp; and at last, when his senses had begun to swoon

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within him, so that the woods seemed to him like an enchanted forest, with no end to the lugubrious stretch of moaning trees, the five log-cabins of the camp showed lights through their little square windows and the chimneys belched sparks like locomotives. There was a friendly baying of dogs, and the sound of men's voices, deep and vibratory in the crisp air.

The young men in the sleigh sent out a halloo which was answered with enthusiastic vigor. Word was spread that the chief was coming, and the men came pouring out of the cabins—swart, muscular men, their big arms swinging free, their lusty lungs in full action. For the first time in the many years of his journeyings, Abe Darcy had to be helped from the sleigh. Frank McCrea, the overseer, got hold of him and dragged him into his own cabin, roaring out encouraging words, and calling for hot toddy, which the cook brought with eager haste. The old man was divested of his enormous coat, and sank back in the one comfortable chair in the camp.

"Looks neat," he commented, glancing around the shack, which was the exclusive one of the camp, and set apart for the use of the overseer and his assistant. "Purtiest cabin I've seen this year."

"Yes," acquiesced McCrea; "De Chateroux, who is doing the measuring for me, fixed it up."

"De Chateroux!" Abe Darcy turned with his jaw hanging and stared at the overseer.

"Yes—Frenchman—not half-breed, you know. A Frenchman from France. He isn't very well used to work of this sort, but he's good at it. We've sent two million feet of logs to the landing, and he's measured every inch."

Mr. Darcy held out his huge purple hands to the fire and made no comment. Covertly he examined the cabin, which was the most ornate and cleanly he had ever beheld in his half-century of logging experience. The sash of the door and the windows had been stained red, which color contrasted well with the unbarked hemlock logs. Four neat pine chests, which served at once as seats and depositories for clothing, were also stained. A squirrel disported himself in a cage, and above one of the bunks, which were surprisingly clean, all things considered, was a crucifix of ivory curiously inlaid.

As the horn sounded for supper the cook, in his white cap and apron, presented himself at the door. Abe Darcy had a vociferous welcome for him.

"Well, Jo! How d'y do? How many years does this make that you've been doing the cooking at Camp Number 7?"

"Twenty-six, sir," responded the blushing German. "Will you come out with the men, sir, or do you want your supper here, sir?"

"I'll eat with the men, Jo, and you know it! What would I do sitting in here not having any part in the fun?"

The multi-millionaire got up on his feet somewhat shakily, and followed his cook to the long, low cabin where seventy mighty men of the forest sat elbow to elbow, gorging. The sound of their eating was distinctly audible, and the long tables were cluttered with heaped dishes of food. Darcy shouted out his recognitions, and, sitting at the head of the table, fell to with the manner of a famished cutter. No one would have guessed by looking at him that he sat down three times a day to the delicate meals over which his daughter presided. Darcy was, in fact, exercising the art of politeness as he saw it.

He told stories at which the men roared; he asked Christian Christiansen if he had learned any new dances; he inquired if Tom Harlan still got up a prayer-meeting when he wanted to have a good time; and he brought Sam Taylor a tintype of his two-month's-old baby, which Sam, being in camp, had never seen. He retailed the news of the town, and volunteered his opinion concerning certain matters of national moment. This made the men argumentative, and they had it hot for a time, Darcy expecting no favors. All the while his sharp eyes were searching the tables for the dark, narrow face of the young French nobleman; but he was not to be seen, and the meal passed without word of him.

The eating-cabin was connected with one of the sleeping-rooms by a covered passage-way, and going through this passage-way after supper, Abe Darcy caught a glimpse of two men sitting by the stove in the farther room. He entered impulsively. The place was fetid from the foul bunks and the recent presence of many hardy and uncleanly men. The fire of pine chunks had raised the temperature to excessive warmth. One of the men within the room appeared to be ill. He occupied the only chair which

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the apartment afforded. The other man perched on the edge of a bunk and regarded him with solicitude.

"Better come over to my cabin to-night, Tom," he was saying. "It's so infernally hot here that it's no wonder you have a fever."

"I'm cold now," whimpered the man. "I was burning hot a moment ago, but now I'm shivering."

"Well," the other responded encouragingly, "the quinine will begin to get hold of you in a little while. That will set you up. Will you take a cup of coffee?"

"No," retorted the sick man irritably. "Ain't I said twenty times that I didn't want to put any stuff in my stomach?"

"Tom," laughed the other, bending down to untie the brogans on the sick man's feet, "I shall thrash you—after the quinine has set you up."

Abe Darcy strode up to the stove with lips set tight and eyes which looked most uncompromising. Looking down, he met the swift glance of the Comte de Chateroux as that gentleman knelt on the floor searching for the huge carpet-slippers which he finally found and put on the feet of his companion. He arose, brushed the dust of the floor from the knees of his buff leggins, and said to the sick man:

"The boys are coming in and you'll have company, so I'll go to my supper now."

He passed Abe Darcy with a bow of the most impersonal character and the old man nodded sternly; but as the Frenchman left and the satiated, sweating, yawning woodsmen began to file in, he addressed himself to the sick man.

"Been down long?" he inquired.

"Too long to suit me, sir, but I guess I'll be all right soon. De Chateroux is seein' me through."

"What does he know about it?" Darcy asked sharply. The woodsman flushed, but checked a reply and turned sullenly toward the stove. Abe Darcy frowned down at him.

"What you on your ear about?" he asked.

"You hain't seen any doctors around the camp, have ye?" the man retorted. "The company ain't keepin' any physicians to look after our health, is it? There's bin an accident of one sort or 'nother every day 'most since we come up, and there's one man in camp who's shown hisself willin' to do up the nasty sores and who knows how to keep men from bleedin' to death, and is willin' to look after snarlin' beggars with the shakes, like me. It don't seem to me it's the business of the head of the company to make fun of that there man, considerin' all he saves to the company by takin' care of its men."

The other men, who had squatted upon the edges of the lower bunks, abashed at this rudeness to their chief, began lighting their pipes. They wondered what form the annihilation of Tom would take. But Abe Darcy surprised them with a good-natured laugh.

"There's more danger in doctors than in accidents," he said, in his dogmatic fashion. "If the company sent a doctor up here half you fellows would be minus an arm or a leg before spring. I'd rather live with a lunatic than a surgeon with a case of instruments handy."

He nodded to the men and went out, and, passing the door of the eating-room, saw the Comte de Chateroux eating with the German cook and his little cross-eyed "cookee."

"He'll be coming into McCrea's cabin after supper, and I'll make him out a check for his medical services," thought Abe Darcy, casting about in his mind for the most effective way of releasing himself from all obligations to the Frenchman. He waited in the cabin for an hour, but De Chateroux did not appear. The door opened frequently to admit some one desirous of drawing upon the reserves of the "wannachan" for tobacco, matches, soap, or quinine, and each time the door creaked Darcy shot a swift glance of investigation out of the tail of his eye. But the heavy, slouching figures were none of them to be mistaken for the Parisian's.

The next morning, when the chief opened his eyes, the camp was very much alive. The voices of the men pricked the air sharply, and the dogs barked from sheer enthusiasm for life. The breakfast horn brought the men yelping like hungry hounds to their breakfast. Darcy and his companions went in a trifle late, and were put at a side table. In the midst of the crew the ferreting eyes of the chief discovered the young Frenchman, eating heartily and talking with the man next him. Their talk was evidently of business, for the Frenchman left before the others were finished, and,

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when the visitors got out in the open after their meal, they saw—to their unfeigned astonishment—De Chateroux driving four big mules harnessed to one of the broad wagons.

"McCrea," cried Darcy, "how is this? Why is the Frenchman driving that team? I thought you said he was assisting you—that he was doing the measuring!"

"Yes, but since Tom's been sick De Chateroux has been taking his place. I set Dudley to measuring. There wasn't anybody but the Frenchman that I could trust with a thousand dollars' worth of mule flesh; and that's the ugliest team in camp."

The wagon rumbled toward them, De Chateroux standing on it, his legs wide apart. A long knitted cap with an enormous tassel at the end covered his head and protected his ears. His "mackinaw," or woollen tunic, was of blue and yellow, cinched at the waist with a leather belt. His padded trousers were met at the knees with yellow leggins, and a scarlet handkerchief flaunted at his neck.

"Looks as gay as if he were going to a tennis tournament," commented Dick Darcy, somewhat envious of the alert grace of the insouciant figure. As the team dashed by he couldn't resist calling out:

"You seem used to it!"

De Chateroux turned a smiling face in his direction. It was the first time that the brother of Agnes had ever spoken to him, and he thought he discerned a boyish friendliness in the tone.

"Yes," he responded, and drew the animals in as with the expectation of further overtures.

"Where did you get your experience?" Dick asked, coming closer.

"Oh, I've done a good deal of driving," he said. "I used to drive the coach from Paris to Lyons now and then. I always liked a bunch of ribbons in my hand."

"It's a good feeling," acquiesced Dick absently. He had seen the Lyons coach set out from Paris, and he knew what that simple statement of the young Parisian meant. It was rather a fine thing for a man to give up the pleasures of the most fascinating capital of Europe for the sake of being near a girl. Dick was young and not averse to romance.

"I believe I'll ride to the clearing with you," he ventured. He swung himself onto the wagon, and nodded to his friends who were getting in the sleigh with his father. At first a sort of embarrassment rested over Dick and De Chateroux, as they were carried swiftly out of the camp and struck the gleaming ice of the logging-road. Dick broke the silence.

"How are you standing it?" he asked with abrupt frankness. De Chateroux blushed.

"What? The—the separation?" he faltered.

"No, no, the work."

"Oh! Very well, thank you. I am in perfect health."

"Why didn't you go back to Paris, Count?"

Henri de Chateroux permitted himself the luxury of shrugging his shoulders.

"I prefer your country, Mr. Darcy."

"Then why didn't you get into newspaper work?"

"I failed to secure a position."

"But this sort of work——"

"Is what your father was used to. Is it not so?"

"Oh, I've taken my turn at it, too; but I was born to it. I'd like to have a whirl at it this winter, but father needs me to attend to details down at the other end."

"Naturally."

They went on, returning to silence. Just before they got to the clearing, De Chateroux turned to his companion with an appeal in his face.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Darcy," he said, "but it's two months since I heard a word of your sister. Will you not have the goodness——"

"She's well, thank you—quite well and busy. She keeps herself busy. Also"—he hesitated, flushed, and laughed, showing his handsome teeth, and staring at De Chateroux with his bold, black eyes—"also, she keeps her curtains tied with the tricolor of France."

"Ah!" cried the other. "Thanks! You are very good! Will you tell her—anything—anything—that—may comfort her?"

The two looked in each other's eyes for a moment, and the glances were frank and fair.

"Leave me alone for that!" cried Dick heartily. "Leave me alone for that, Count. I'll tell her you are a good American, and—" he hesitated, abashed at what it had been on his tongue to say.

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"And what?" smiled De Chateroux encouragingly.

"And a bully whip!" laughed Dick. But De Chateroux knew very well that this was not what he had in his mind to tell Agnes.

CHAPTER IV.

AGNES DARCY, in the warm comfort of her furs, went down the street with a springing step, and, turning a corner sharply, almost ran into the arms of her father and brother. She gave three bright staccato cries of pleasure and surprise.

"I thought you were going to stay till the ice melted!" she cried in jocular reproach. "Actually, I said yesterday, I believed you meant to stay and come down with the logs!"

"Did you get lonesome?" inquired Dick affectionately, noting her loveliness and pitying De Chateroux back there in the camp, among Swede loggers. He reflected with pleasure that he would presently whisper a word that would bring a warmer glow to those delicately-tinted cheeks. She walked between the two men, hanging on to an arm of each, and letting her muff dangle from its ribbons.

"We weren't gone so long, Aggie," protested her father. "Though time always flies for me up in the camps. I feel the life tugging at me whenever I go up there. I've never been the man down in town that I used to be up there in the woods."

"Ugh!" cried his lady daughter, "but I hate the smell of the camps! How *do* men live without any privacy? I can't understand it. Those half-breeds and wild Scandinavians—I don't think so much of their being able to endure it; but men like you and Dick, or any one with fastidiousness—I confess I can't make it out."

Dick smiled and squeezed her little hand against his side. He would have a confounding tale for her presently.

"Aggie, that's all nonsense," said her father sharply. "You don't understand. Men have a dainty side to them, but they can get along in dirt and muss up if they have to. They can't afford to be finiky like you women. There wouldn't be any wars fought or engines run or machines made or bridges built, girl, if they were keeping their hands clean all the time. I should think a girl of your intelligence ought to be able to understand that. Being too darned nice is a part of woman's weakness, my dear. But it's a part of their sweetness, too, eh? I guess we'll keep you the way you are."

He looked down at her with ardent affection, and she tossed her head, half-flattered, half-defiant, and crunched on through the snow. At the end of the block Abe Darcy spoke again.

"It's been years, Aggie, since you visited one of the camps. Wouldn't you like to go up and see what they're like? You'd bring a better understanding to them than you used to, you know."

"Oh, I don't know that I care about it, dad dear," she said, trying to be polite.

"It'd be an experience for you," insisted her father. "And—well, maybe you owe it to—to me to see the work I've done. I want you to get a notion of our big industry. All you have is the result of it."

"Yes, that's true," said the girl soberly. "If I had any sort of a proper mind I'd be glad to do it; but somehow, the camps stand for such loneliness to me. But as you say, I ought to go. Very likely I'll be more interested than I expect to be."

"Get up a party, then," said her father. "Mrs. Reynolds, the wife of my wood superintendent, will go along. Say you take up two sleighs-full, allowing four to each, counting the driver, and making Dick one of the crowd."

"I don't see how I'm to find the time, father," broke in Dick. But his father was obdurate.

"Oh, you'll find the time if Agnes asks Alice Hemingway to go along. Be sure to ask Alice, Aggie."

"I'll do that," laughed Agnes, snuggling up to her brother. "That'll be all right, Dickie."

"Nonsense!" cried Dick, feigning anger.

"One camp will be enough to visit," continued the old autocrat. "You can run up on the railroad the first fifty miles, and then sled about fifteen. A visit to Number 7 will show a representative camp, don't you think so, Dick?"

"By thunder!" gasped Dick, looking at his father to see if he had not been overcome by sudden dementia. But aside from the humorous gleam of the steel-blue eyes, and the unnatural gruffness of his voice, there were no indications that he was con-

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"'DID YOU GET LONESOME?' INQUIRED DICK . . . . PITYING DE CHATEROUX BACK THERE IN THE CAMP."

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scious of having proposed an astonishing thing.

"I'll not deliver my message, after all," concluded Dick in the midst of his mental tumult. "I'll let dad work out his surprise in his own way. I *thought* he couldn't be as mean as he seemed! He's a dear old duffer, that's what he is!" He chuckled as he went along, and, going into the house, was in such a state of glee that, knowing no other way in which he could legitimately vent his feelings, he cut all the flowers in the conservatory and sent them to Alice Hemingway.

"You might have left me one poor blossom," protested Agnes.

"Not one, sis, not one!" He caught her in his arms and kissed her till her cheeks glowed.

"Why, Dick, you—you—horrid! What's the matter with you?"

"I was just thinking how adorable some other fellow might think you were," he cried, pushing her away from him.

"Oh, Dick!" she cried sharply. "I'm trying— You mustn't say things like that; indeed, you mustn't!"

Dick threw back his head and roared.

"We'll drive out this afternoon and arrange that party for the camp," he said.

The winter of the North was in its brightest glory the day the party which Abe Darcy put on the train made its way through the groves and clearings up to the little way-station, where two comfortable sleighs from Camp 7 awaited them. The sky showed immeasurable depths of blueness; the ice road glittered in the cold sunshine; the pines were hymning their deep-throated song. Agnes, deep in her furs, and silent, most of the time, looked out at this wild beauty with a sense of elation in the fact of life. She was thinking, too, of the prowess of her father; realizing as she never had before the qualities of daring and aggression that had made him master of the wilderness. She wondered if enough of his swift-flowing blood ran in her veins to make her equal to a contest with elemental things; and so, wondering, she began to be conscious of an anticipatory feeling in regard to her visit. She did, indeed, feel more of actual interest than she had at any time since the unexplained departure of her lover. She supposed that some exasperating insult had driven him, angry and scornful, from the town which had always been denominated by him as a Place of Dragons. That he had not offered a word of farewell was hard to forgive; yet she forgave him, realizing that he might have argued that it were best to refrain from tempting her to disobedience.

It was a fact which she had noticed from the day she met him, that whenever she was in the presence of anything beautiful, whether it was music, or a picture, or prayer, or nature, that she always thought of him. She thought of him and nothing but him as the horses drew their loads along the gleaming roads, and the melancholy pines hung above them with their dark beauty. The world about her was dim to her sight, and the man she could not see was the one thing in the world acutely present to her consciousness. She was aroused from her dreams by the long wail of a falling tree and the cry of the men:

"There she goes!" Then a turn of the road brought the party fairly into the midst of the clearing, where seventy men were at work. They stopped and stared at the unwonted sight of women, and Mrs. Reynolds, the superintendent's wife, waved a bright scarf by way of a salute. Some of the men took off their caps, others smiled in shy welcome. Dick lifted his sister and Alice Hemingway from the sled.

"Go get acquainted with the men," he said to Agnes, with what seemed to her a portentous accent. "Some of them have worked for father since they were boys, and they'd remember it if you'd talk with them."

"Oh," she whispered, "it might seem like patronizing them, Dick! I'd rather not."

But Dick was already bringing one of the men up. He was a young fellow with a large frame and a boyish, blond face, and he gazed at Miss Darcy in undisguised admiration. A grizzled old woodsman came next, and took Agnes's little hand in his horn-hard palm. She brightened at once when she got to talking with them. Other men came up, and finally a large group stood about her, half-dazzled at the soft beauty of her blue eyes, her delicate skin, the tricksy dimples, and the look of luxury that pervaded her. She glowed rosily and showed her pretty little teeth—a very sweet young creature, not unconscious of the fact that she was a vision of loveliness to eyes which ached for sight of a woman's face.

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Dick took her away finally, and when the men went back to their tasks he and she walked arm-in-arm along the snow-sprinkled pine-needles.

"You were adorable," he assured her. "I never saw you look sweeter, 'pon my word I never did. They thought you were great."

She let him flatter her without protest, and smiled up at him.

She stopped before a towering Norway, and looked up the height of its great bole to where its dark leaves melted in the blue. Dick dropped her arm, and when she turned to call his attention to the pink glow of the tree's bark, he was gone. She thought for a moment that he was playing a trick on her, and had hidden behind one of the trees in a sudden return to the pranks of other days.

"Dick!" she called. "Dick! You rascal!"

A young man came into view—but it was not Dick. The newcomer belonged to the forest, obviously. His dark curls protruded beyond the edge of his long-tasselled cap. His "mackinaw," his leather leggins, and rude belt did not disguise the charming grace and elegance of his figure. As he moved toward Agnes, whispering her name, a fascination crept over the girl like that which falls upon the spellbound bird, save that it had in it no element of fear. She drew back, looking at him almost haughtily. He saw it and stopped, pain darting into the eyes that had been warm with joy. At that she broke into smiles, and put on a pretty insolence.

"I have just been given instructions by my brother to make the acquaintance of some of the faithful fellows of the camp. If you are of the camp I might make your acquaintance."

The young man drew closer, and she could hear him drawing his breath in gasps, like one who had been running.

"I am of this camp, especially since you have come, mademoiselle."

"And you have worked here—how long, may I ask?" Her head was on one side. She was looking at him with the harmless impertinence of a sparrow.

"I have worked here for a century."

"You have adopted this occupation as a permanent one?"

"My present occupation is to look at you. I am willing that it should be permanent." He was drawing closer; he was stealing one hand out of her muff. His grasp closed on it, and they both trembled.

"What a very pleasant dream this is," she faltered. "But of course it is not true."

He lifted her fingers to his lips. Then he drew off one of her gloves and kissed the cold finger-tips. She leaned against the trunk of the Norway, and let the sighing of the pine and the sound of his voice blend in her dazed comprehension.

"Your father knew I was here," he informed her.

"Well?"

"Well, don't you see he sent you up here knowing that?" They looked in each other's eyes.

"Dear dad! Dear, dear dad!"

"Also, mademoiselle, your brother told me to come over here. I sent a message by him the other day, and he told me just now that I would have to deliver it myself."

"Oh, what was the message, if you please?"

The big Norway made a safe screen for them. He came very close.

"I've forgotten," he whispered. "That's the best of it; but I think it may have been this."

He bent to her and kissed the chill from her wind-stung lips. Then he had to lean against the Norway for support. There were tears on his cheeks, which she wiped away, murmuring limpid nothings. But on a second she drew herself back with impressive stateliness.

"I have just remembered that I am very angry with you. I ought to have remembered it at first."

"Sweetheart!" he reproached.

"You left town without telling me. I watched the streets for you for days. I thought you had gone back to Paris, and that I would never see you again."

He flushed.

"I think I was wrong," he murmured contritely. "I was selfish. I thought too much of my own misery. I said it would be egotistical to suppose that you were suffering. So I went away to be as miserable as I could. I liked the society of these men. Hardship suited me. I said you were warm and well cared for, and that everybody loved you; but that it did not matter about me. I tried to believe that you never thought of me. I endeavored to be as selfishly wretched as a man could. I tried to

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hate the whole town—the whole Place of Dragons!" He was half-laughing, half-shamed.

"But me? You were never sorry for *me?* You did not imagine how I laid awake in the dark, thinking? I wept, too. And the days were so long! I thought you were angry, and that you held me and mine in—in contempt. I know we are not like you, and I thought——"

"Oh, I laid on the ground beneath your little window the night before I left. I said, 'If she loved me as I love her she would arise from her sleep, feeling my tears, and come and comfort me.' You did not come, and I was very angry. 'Then,' said I, 'I will be as stern as she. She can be firm. I can also. She can renounce. Very good, I will be a monk. I will go to my monastery—to the forest.'"

"Oh, but if you had cared half as much for me as I for you——"

"How dare you say such a thing!" he broke in, his eyes flashing. "I—" But just then Dick appeared.

"My soul! Are you quarrelling?"

The two broke into happy laughter.

"We were," they admitted.

"Aren't you coming back to town with us, De Chateroux?"

"Thank you," smiled the young Frenchman. "But this is my post, you know. I can earn my bread and butter here."

The other man laughed indulgently.

"Bread and butter, man? Don't you know there are a dozen posts you might fill if you would? Father never has enough men of the right sort. Take your choice—lumber, copper, coal, salt, steamships. Presently he wants some one to go to Europe for him. He thought if you——"

"Mr. Darcy might write me," was the mild retort of the other, "if he is of a mind for my services."

Dick flushed. "I'll tell him," he said.

Half a dozen times during the day Agnes found opportunities to reproach him for his obduracy in not returning to town with her.

"Four or five months more!" she complained. "And not a sight of you! Are you willing to leave me alone that way?"

He was firm. "I signed to stay," he said. "We woodsmen must serve out our time."

"But if the interests of the company demand your presence in town," she urged, "what then?"

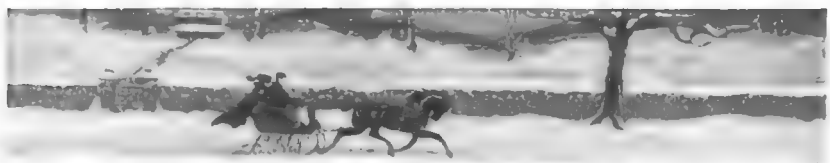
"Then," he said, laughing, "I shall hear from the company."

"But you don't seem to care!" she fretted. "You are willing to stay."

"I am willing to wait," he corrected.

That evening, by starlight, the horses took the town-people back to the station. Agnes sat beside the driver of the sleigh, her hands clasped hard in her muff. Alongside the sleigh sped a tall, lithe figure on snowshoes. He did not speak to her. The night deepened and the wind began to rise, but he kept on till the lights of the station glimmered in the distance. Then he vanished among the trees. Agnes did not turn her head. She stared hard before her at the growing lights of the little town. The tendrils of her soul were entwined about the swift skater who sped toward the camp under the shadows of the trees. She confided him to the mystery of the night and the solitude; she thought of him in that holy temple of nature, in which the memory of her would be to him as a "perfumed altar-flame."

THE END.



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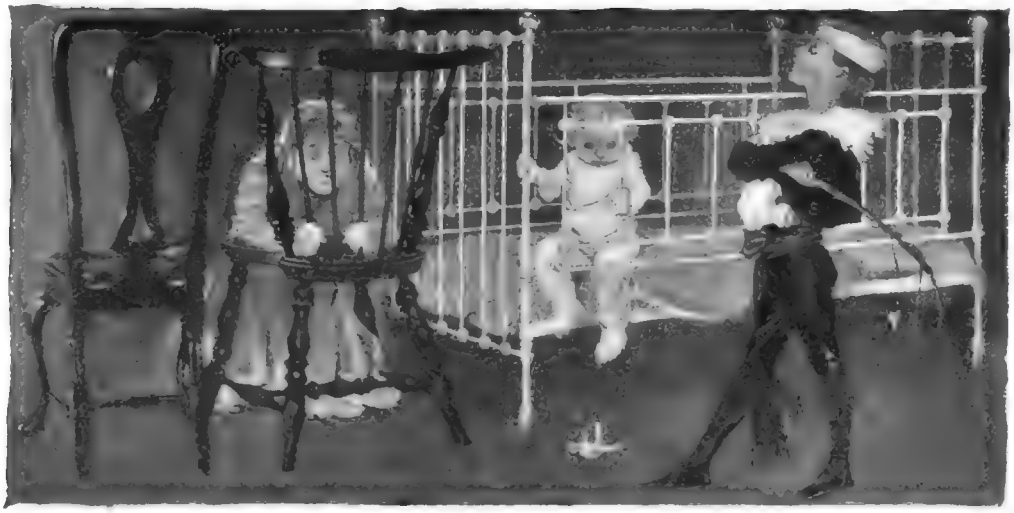

The Lion-tamer

By Jessica Dawley Lowell

P'FESSOR JACK, the tamer, he
'S just as brave as he can be,
'N' though the an'mals roar and rage
P'fessor goes right in the cage!
He ain't afraid of 'em at all—
Just cracks his whip 'n' gives a call;
'N' you should see 'em jump around
Or scrooch all scared upon the ground.
The Lion 'at's got the tawny mane
A dozen cooky men has slain!
'N' that li'l roly-Polar Bear
Eats candy fishes by the pair.
O' course they never would attack
The brave and kind P'fessor Jack.

II

WHEN mother bids them all to tea
A thrilling sight it is to see
The Tamer and his Polar Bear
And Lion with the golden hair,
All supping 'round the snowy cloth
On bread and savory chicken broth.

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THE DOWNTOWN SIDE OF AN UPTOWN MAN.

By C. V. C. Mathews.

ALTHOUGH the address on my visiting card would lead you to look for me in the vicinity of Gramercy Park, I dwell upon the Heights of Experience in reality, and from that eminence I perceive that a fellow who is even the mildest possible edition of the Jekyll-and-Hyde idea can turn it to his own advantage and make it a very present help in time of trouble.

That there are two entirely distinct and widely differing personalities who habitually travel about under my overcoat is a fact to which I am so accustomed that I have almost ceased to be aware of it. Yet these two personalities of mine pursue such varied lines of campaign amid such widely differing spheres that the only place where their two identities really merge entirely into one is in the family Bible, where John M. Porter, real estate, 32½ Broadway, and J. Murray Porter, of Gramercy Park, both appear in this one item of mortifying brevity:

"Born, a son, John Murray Porter, 17 June, 1870."

There are certain intangible lines drawn across the city in my mind which keep these two personalities in their places. John M. Porter, real estate, never comes north of Washington Square; J. Murray Porter never goes below it. He haunts a territory which begins at Washington Square and ends up in Ninety-seventh Street, and the paths that his feet wear interweave round and across and through that territory in a way not unlike those zigzag lines on a government map that are introduced to us as weather indications.

My movements about the city are in a way a sort of weather indication, too.

There will often be a cyclone up in Ninety-seventh Street, personally conducted by my cousin, Perpetua, which will send me down to the office at unprecedented hours, in order that the smoke of my pipe and the click of the typewriters may blot out J. Murray Porter's trials from John M. Porter's memory.

On this particular afternoon it was a dead calm on the sea of business which had temporarily obliterated the real estate side of me, and sent me arrayed in the twentieth-century equivalent of Solomon in all his glory to walk home with Perpetua from the Miller-Osborne's tea.

Now, Perpetua was clad in a glory, too—some sort of a dark-blue glory with white around it, and a hat which tipped down to meet the impudence of her nose, which tips up. Altogether she was presenting an appearance of such distracting sweetness that I ventured upon some remarks not wholly unconnected with a heart trouble from which I suffer.

Perpetua is well aware of my affliction, for I have taken great care to keep her informed of the continued distress in the region of my heart, regardless of her utter lack of sympathy. That heart trouble such as mine may be a serious thing is an idea at which she scoffs, nor can I persuade her to consider the state of affairs as anything but a highly ridiculous notion of my own; yet she always takes pains to discover, by delicate methods of her own, whether this disturbance of which I tell her increases with time; she hints tantalizingly at an alleviation—a remedy, and then—she laughs at me.

Perpetua's laugh is a ripple and a delight,

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and it makes her eyes crinkle up almost out of sight in a really distracting way, but if you are to enjoy it, she must be laughing with you and not *at* you.

Somehow when I talk to Perpetua I remind myself of the heathen with their vain repetitions, and yet as we walked up the avenue I found myself telling her for the fiftieth time the discomfort of a heart that had slipped its moorings.

Perpetua treated me like the six feet of idiocy that she so evidently considers me. She was mindful of everybody and everything except me. When she did remember me she would not be earnest; she would not listen without laughing; she would not answer without turning every word into an absurdity.

The gray of the dusk was beginning to come down over the city as we turned into Ninety-seventh Street, and far up the avenue the tiny points of light were beginning to glimmer. A moment more and I would have to be leaving her, and still she was making fun of me and turning all that I said into the most arrant nonsense; and through it all she was looking so bewitchingly sweet, so provokingly *insouciante*, that the only thing that saved her from a shaking was the same thing that saved her from being kissed: that the sidewalk does not afford a good opportunity for either proceeding.

I was tired, dead tired of being a joke, and her teasing would have ruffled the temper of a plaster saint.

"Perpetua," said I suddenly, almost roughly, "are you always going to make fun of me? Is it always going to be nonsense like this between us? Don't you believe what I say to you?"

Perpetua stood framed in the dimness of her own doorway, the same old light of laughter in her eyes.

"I think that all you say to me is like the froth on ale," she said, with an indescribable airy gesture of waving me and the froth and the ale all away, and at that moment Parks opened the door like some confounded stage butler who had caught his cue, and he shut it again a second later, with me on the wrong side.

Perpetua's genius runs to leaving me on the wrong side of everything.

Perpetua's words kept beating insistently on my brain all the way downtown. "The froth on ale." The *froth*—so that was all it seemed to her, was it? Then I must have been acting and talking like several kinds of a fool, if after all these years this was all the impression I had succeeded in making. It seemed as if those few airy words of Perpetua's had carried a sting in them that touched me deep down somewhere and roused the fighting part of me.

I am not precisely sure how my thoughts ran or just how the idea occurred to me, but by the time I reached Thirty-fourth Street an unprecedented event had taken place: the J. Murray Porter side of me was sunk temporarily out of existence and John M. Porter, real estate, had taken the helm of my affairs, unmindful of the fact that he belonged entirely to business hours and to 32½ Broadway, and had no right to be uppermost in my consciousness at 6 P. M. and some thirty blocks north of his territorial limits.

I am inclined to think it was the word "froth" that brought John M. Porter, real estate, to the front. It brought up a fighting memory. I recalled a capitalist who had designated a business plan in which I once tried to interest him as a "frothy scheme." Well, in the course of time I had proved to that man that it was mighty solid froth, and some that he would have liked well enough to get hold of afterward, and may be this time——

I shook my fist at Diana up on top of her Garden. "Froth, madam?" said I. "Well —I—think—not!"

. . . . . .

If the excellence of a butler may be gauged by his imperturbability, then we will lay it as a laurel leaf on Parks's record that when he helped me off with my overcoat at nine o'clock that evening and beheld me attired in the lightest of gray business suits and wearing a gay-blue necktie that was paying its initial call north of Washington Square he preserved the same emotionless exterior that used to greet me on nights when I came clothed and in my right mind.

Perpetua, on the contrary, never having been afforded that training in self-restraint which is so highly beneficial for butlers, was really voluble in her remarks on my apparently inappropriate garments.

It gave me pleasure to disregard her remarks. John M. Porter, real estate, has had occasion to acquire an amount of composure which enabled him to remain serene before even that most distracting of visions —Perpetua in a pink gown.

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I sat down in the most businesslike way on the extreme edge of the most uncomfortable chair in the room.

"I have called," I said, "upon a matter of business. I shall not detain you any longer than is absolutely necessary, and I trust you will give your serious consideration to what I have to say. It is something which is of the very greatest importance to me, and I——"

Perpetua sat up very straight and regarded me carefully.

"Murray Porter!" she said. "Have you lost your wits completely?"

"I have, so far as I know, complete possession of all the wits I ever had," I answered serenely. "What I have to say will, I hope, prove to you that I am, in fact, far saner than I have been in some time. I have come to lay a certain matter before you as clearly and concisely as possible and in such a way as to make you see that I am thoroughly and entirely in earnest."

And I at once proceeded to do so to the best of the ability of John M. Porter, real estate.

I told her of all the years that I had loved her. I told her of how I loved her laughter, and yet of how her laughter could hurt. I told her of how the thought of her went downtown with me every morning and came uptown with me every night, and how that dear face of hers came between me and everything else. I admitted that the J. Murray Porter side of me would be made happy by having the gracious woman-of-the-world-Perpetua to preside over his house and his social obligations, but I showed her as well how the John M. Porter side ached for the sweet, jolly, everyday Perpetua to love him and cheer him along for the rest of his life. I told her how the very best thing that this little old green earth held for a man was a woman's love, and for *me* Perpetua's love—and I showed her how a man needed, as much as he needed his three meals a day, the bracer of a woman's help and companionship.

I put it all in the baldest, plainest facts. I talked against time, before Perpetua should rise up and slay me with her eyes, and as yet I had not a straw of hope to clutch at, save that Perpetua was listening and Perpetua was *not* laughing.

"This is strictly the downtown side of me," I said, "that is trying to prove to you that I am in the deadest earnest. The uptown side of me didn't seem to appeal to you; and if this fails——"

"Well?" said Perpetua.

"Oh, I don't know," I said; "a monastery, I suppose."

Perpetua's eyes crinkled up out of sight, but the sting was gone from her laughter, and the faintest little hope began to knock at my heart.

"You in a monastery!" she said. "*You!*"

"Yes," said I. "It's a terrible thought; save me from it, Perpetua!"

I stood up and held out my arms appealingly.

Perpetua's eyes were very soft, but they were bright, like stars.

"You are very absurd," she said, "but——"

. . . . . .

I know now what Perpetua's lips were made for; it was for something sweeter than either mockery or laughter.

WANTED.

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

THE boy was wanted, badly. He had had more than a suspicion that this would soon be the case when he married the girl, six weeks before. He had also been aware that he was a bad lot, a fact that he accepted with perfect serenity; and that if the girl discovered either of these truths there would be complications. But he had looked once too often on the happy little round face lifted to him with such implicit faith. She was to be had for the marrying, and so he walked off to church with her, a keen eye occasionally over his shoulder, and a subdued grin for the various complications that might have interrupted that ceremony.

Six weeks of marriage made just this difference in him: he was still a bad lot and did not waste time regretting it—but he no longer grinned when he thought of the various ways in which she might find out. Her beaming faith in him gave him active desire to deserve it; and he began to dislike the idea that she should be hurt. When the sudden pressing need of him was recognized by the police, that was the first thing he thought of—that now she had to be hurt. The knowledge gave him an unpleasant

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sinking under his neat waistcoat, and no amount of valiant swearing would relieve it.

He could not even go to her and give her his ingenious version and comfort her—that was the worst of it. The friendly tip that outlined the situation demanded an instantaneous disappearance; and there was no spot in the city quite so unhealthy for him as the little light-housekeeping apartment on the third floor front that he had left barely two hours before. They would search it, the girl standing by white and bewildered and unbelieving; and then they would camp down in sight of its threshold to watch for his return. Not a letter would get to her unexamined, not a messenger unquestioned. His smooth, clerical young face looked for the moment almost as old as it was. Then he set his jaw and took the plunge into oblivion.

There was no clue in the apartment and nothing to be learned from the terrified little woman, alternating passionate denials with blind silences. When the police had settled that, and arranged for a private glimpse of any letters she might get, they retreated across the street and took up the watch from a little hole of a room that commanded both the entrance below and the light-housekeeping apartment above.

"She's clean stuck on him, and she don't know a thing," said Dougherty, settling down to his watch. "You mark my words, he'll come back."

"He's a sharp one," objected Finney. "Like as not he's miles away by this time."

"May be," said Dougherty. "All the same, the girl—well, I lay he comes back."

A week went by. The police searched diligently but in vain for the missing man. The girl watched at the window all day long. Now and then her head went suddenly down on her arms. The roundness began to fade from her cheeks, but the faith still held in her eyes. The neighbors came hurrying up at the first news with "Dear, dear, now!" and "What a trial for you, my dear!" But they went away no wiser. "Poor thing!" they said on the stairs. The girl cried a little and prayed a great deal; but she could do both these at the window, and she seldom left her post. Dougherty, opposite, whistled silently over the case, with slow shakings of his head.

"She ought to have known better than to marry him," said Finney.

"God help her—she don't know as much as that even yet," answered Dougherty, taking out his pipe and staring thoughtfully into its bowl.

A second week passed. The watching on both sides of the street began to seem futile, but neither side gave up. The girl's head was on her arm most of the time now, but she stayed by the window.

"Why the blazes don't she cook her meals and attend to her housekeeping?" muttered Dougherty. Friday afternoon he bribed a boy to take her up a can of soup and say it was from a neighbor. Then he watched the street with extra fierceness. On the fourteenth day there was still no trace of the missing man.

"They'll never get him," said Finney. Dougherty glanced up at the head on the window ledge.

"He'll come—sooner or later, he'll come," he muttered, half to himself.

That evening an old man came halting down the block and mounted the steps opposite. Dougherty took quick survey of the bent shoulders, the gray beard, the uncertain knees, then softly knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it in his pocket. He bent forward, keen and motionless as a pointer, as the light from the opening door fell on the old man. When it had closed behind him, the detective lifted his eyes to the windows of the third-story front. A moment later their lights went out abruptly, and then the blinds were drawn.

For four hours Dougherty paced up and down in the shadow of a little alley, waiting, his eyes often lifted to the darkened windows, but more often on the ground. Once he stopped short with an angry movement of his clenched fist.

"It's hell, this business," he muttered. "Blamed if I wouldn't rather——" He broke off and resumed his march. At the end of the third hour he stepped forth and walked deliberately down the block and turned up a side street, defiant misery in his face. Then his pace slackened, and suddenly he wheeled and came back with cautious haste, keeping the shadows.

Finney would come at midnight to relieve him. At ten minutes of twelve Dougherty saw the blind drawn back from the darkened window, and the familiar little brown head appear, not with its usual droop, but alert and eager. A long survey of the silent street followed—and Dougherty stood motionless, cursing under his breath. Then

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the head was drawn softly back and there was utter stillness.

Presently came the faint closing of a door, and she was back at the window again, quick hands dashing at her eyes, watching and listening. Now a cautious hand was laid on the knob of the front door opposite—Dougherty could hear it fumble in the dark, and sweat stood out on his forehead.

The door swung back, showing the bearded old man who had mounted four hours earlier. He came out feebly and descended the steps with aged caution. Still Dougherty stood rigidly still. The dark head above was thrust out recklessly and the street lamp flashed on the white face. Dougherty took a step forward, and then his hands fell at his sides.

"Oh, my Lord! Oh, my Lord!" he muttered.

At the foot of the steps the old man faltered, shrinking back as a brisk step sounded out of the darkness ahead. Then he turned toward the sound, and would have shambled past the approaching figure, but for a sudden sharp command, enforced by a heavy grip on his arm.

"Oh, you can't fool me," said the voice of Finney. At the same instant Dougherty stepped out of the shadow and his pistol gleamed in his hand as the old man turned wildly.

"I came along just in time," said Finney, with a chuckle, as he slipped on the handcuffs.

"Oh, I had my eye peeled: I was following him," said Dougherty gruffly, and he scowled heavily as they marched their prisoner off between them. No one looked up to the window overhead.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

By Mabel Clare Craft.

SHE had been told that the way of the stage-struck girl was hard. She hoped it would be hard; success when it came would be so much the sweeter.

But she hadn't calculated on being hungry or without decent shoes or gloves.

Her home life had been narrow and she had felt that her brains were being asphyxiated. On leaving home her mother insisted on a slender allowance—it sufficed to keep her out of the street; and she had never dreamed but that six months would put her on her feet in some one-night road company—she didn't ask for more. So the first half-year she did not starve. Every day of the time she bombarded managerial offices; nothing, always nothing. She was without training, without recommendations, without friends; she had nothing to urge except her own desire to act and her feeling that she had the power. She was not even pretty.

"Ah," she mused bitterly, in front of the small mirror in her cramped room, "if I were only pretty—that would be an entering wedge."

She knew she was ugly, but she possessed what the artists call "good lines"; and before the end of the fourth month she found engagements in studios, for there was grace in the long swan-like throat that common people called scraggy; and the artists had a way of smoothing out the ugly break in the cheek where the mechanism of the face was too plainly revealed, suggesting the jaw moving on hinges like a trap-door.

Day after day she tramped up the managerial stairs; haunted the stage doors; rushed back from the studios to see if there were any opening. Day by day the gowns grew shabbier, and Heaven knew that she was a woman who needed the background of clothes. Sometimes even her stout heart quailed and there were sleepless nights and a pillow wet with bitter tears. Each morning she rose with grim determination, and ground her teeth together as she said: "I won't give up. I won't go back. Some day I'll laugh at all this."

A prominent manager was about to send "The Only Way" on the road. She ought to be able to get something in the mob—at least, it would be a chance. She had been in this particular office a hundred times, but she had never succeeded in passing the Cerberus at the gate. Again she climbed the weary stairs, her heart beating violently, more with fatigue than fright—she knew she'd never pass that little wicket.

She looked around the outer office: a peroxide blonde or two, a man with a velvet collar—and the Cerberus not to be seen. Quick as thought she pushed open the little wicket. In the inner office the Great Man sat alone, his curly pompadour dishevelled, a pile of bills and manuscripts and typewritten parts on his desk.

Oh," she shrieked, almost hysterically,

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and the Great Man started. "They've never let me see you before, never even let me see you—and just because I'm ugly—but I'm better looking with my hat off" (grabbing it off) "and the artists say I've got good lines in the throat and head. See, I can do court ladies and that sort of thing—and I've posed for Gilson and some of the best of them—and won't you give me a trial in the mob or anything—I don't care—but please give me a trial—something—anything. Oh, I know I can do it——"

"Good heavens, she's crazy!" said the Great Man.

"I'm not," laughed the girl, sinking down on a settee, "but I've been coming here for six months and I've never passed the outer office before and I was bound you should listen—before we were interrupted."

"You'll do for a fury in the mob, certainly. Come back in two weeks."

She wanted to kiss his hand or sink on the floor at his feet or perform some other act of extravagant gratitude; but instead she simply swallowed a lump in her throat and said: "You can't possibly know what this means to me. I'll be here two weeks to the day."

Promptly on the fortnight she was back, and she said haughtily to Cerberus, "Mr. B—— wanted to see me to-day. Miss Magee."

"Sorry, miss, but he's not in to-day."

"Oh, but I had an appointment with him."

"Can't help it; he's too busy to be seen to-day. Those are his orders."

The Cerberus grinned maliciously, remembering how she had outwitted him.

"But please take in my card," she begged humbly. "He will remember. He told me to come back."

"Sorry, can't disturb him," and he turned insolently away.

She almost cried with disappointment and mortification as she hurried down the stairs. Every day for a week she came, meeting each time the same reception, until she almost suspected that B—— had been playing with her. Finally she wrote a letter and marked it 'personal'; no answer. Then she tried an expedient difficult for a lady, and Nora had been well bred.

The next time the office was empty except for Cerberus, but she had reason to believe that the Great Man was in the inner office, the door of which was closed. When the invariable negative was returned to her, she shrieked piercingly and lingeringly. The inner door shot open; the Great Man stood there.

"What the devil——" he began. "Oh," he laughed, "the ugly girl. Come in, Miss Magee. You should be cast as the banshee in 'Shamus O'Brien.' Why didn't you come sooner? I've filled everything now—I told you to come in two weeks and I held something for you. You didn't leave your address."

"I was here on the day," she said, "but he" (with a gesture of ineffable scorn) "wouldn't even bring my name in."

"Well, well, Lewis, this is carrying it rather far, isn't it? I told Miss Magee to come back."

"You didn't tell me, sir," said the man sullenly, "and you gave orders not to be disturbed."

Nora's knees were sinking under her—too late, always too late.

"Now let's see, Miss Magee. It's really too bad—you'd have been good in the mob." He looked her over critically. "I'll tell you. I'll try you for one of the ladies who are going to be guillotined, and you can double up and do a bit in the mob. Nothing to say and not much to act. How'll that suit you?"

"Anything will suit me."

"That's the stuff. Report for rehearsal Monday at ten. Good-day."

. . . . . .

The first night came. Nora had never been more at ease in her life. She had had a beefsteak that day (lately she had been a vegetarian) and it had given her strength. In the trial scene she was merely a bit of angry red in a marvellously bloody composition. In the last act she was but part of the scenery. Dressed all in stiff brocade, with a filmy fichu crossed over her thin breast, the long lines of bodice and skirt sweeping away from the swan-like throat the artists liked, with a pompadour severely powdered and the prominent nose in full relief, she looked the *grande dame*—the attenuated flower of centuries of idleness and aristocracy. The woman who sat beside her in the prison was a mere clod, with a face of putty and a nose that was an afterthought. In front of the ladies, the nobles played piquet, took snuff with elaborate ceremony and, as their numbers were called, bowed formally to the ladies and stepped into the beyond.

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Nora was intensely excited under her patrician calm. Outside, the howling mob filled her with horror.

"Heavens," she murmured, "I can't die this way. I've been too frivial, too indifferent.

"Forty-five, forty-six," came the numbers sonorously—each one a death knell—and the nobles finished their game, flecked the snuff daintily from their lace jabots with bediamonded fingers and bowed to the ladies.

Nora's turn came last—just before the exit of the star. Carton has his face turned toward her. The resonant voice at the door called "Forty-nine."

It was Nora's cue.

She gathered herself together, her face a mask of tragedy, her cheeks ghastly under the make-up, her eyes dilated, her thin bosom rising and falling quickly, a sob in the slender throat. For her, eternity was just beyond the door; the thirsty guillotine waited drippingly for her. Her neck ached, but she must hold her head proudly erect, for the most noble blood of the old régime was congealing in her veins. In the folds of her dress hung a crucifix. In an inspiration she caught it up, pressed it cruelly into her slender fingers and against her chiselled lips and walked across the stage slowly, so slowly, for all the sands in her hour-glass were numbered by the paces of that floor.

The star, watching nervously for first-night gaucheries, was startled by the tragedy of the pose. "The real thing," he murmured, and the Great Man in the wings, when she finally came off, still holding her crucifix, still deathly pale under the make-up, laughed and said:

"Gad, you'll do. Got a voice?"

"Yes, sir. I sing well."

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, report to me at the end of the season. You're not so ugly with your hat off." And he added to himself: "Lean as a racer, and a thoroughbred, if I'm any judge."

FOR CHARLIE.

By Clifford Trembly.

IT was in the fall of 1869. He sat reading his morning paper. There was a timid knock at the door. In response to his "come in," a little bent old woman, shabbily dressed, entered.

"Good-morning," he said. "What can I do for you to-day?"

"I came to see you on some particular business," she said, "because you were a friend of Charlie's."

"Charlie Ashton?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "I'm his mother."

He seated her in his easy chair and took her shawl. He was glad to see her, for Charlie had been one of his dearest friends: one who was then sleeping, as he knew, on a southern battlefield. He noted the air of poverty about her and wished, for Charlie's sake at least, that he had something more than words to offer his mother.

"I came," she commenced, "to see you about Robert—Robert is Charlie's son, you know. You and Charlie were such good friends that somehow it seems only natural that I should come to you. When Charlie died he left Robert with me. He's fifteen now, and such a bright, manly fellow. He's worked on our little place up in the mountains and stood right by me. Robert is a good boy. He's gone to school all he could in the country; but Charlie wanted him to be a lawyer, and Robert wants to study law."

"But can you spare him? And the money for his education—where will that come from?" he asked.

"I can spare him," she answered. "Not but what I'll miss him," she continued, "for he's stood right by me all the time. As for the money—well, I guess we can manage that, or at least part of it. Before Charlie went away he gave me $600 for the boy. It was all the money he had, and he told me to keep it for the boy, if I could. I kept it, and worked and saved all of the time he was away, until I got the news that he had been killed. Then I had $800. After that Robert and I went up to my little place in the mountains. He and I worked there together. We had a cow and chickens, and what we didn't raise on the farm we traded for at the store. It was a long struggle, though; but Robert was with me. And I never touched a penny of that $800! 'Robert shall be a lawyer, as his father wished,' I said when the times were hard. So I went without sugar for my tea and patched our clothes some more. But I was glad to do it because I loved the boy so much. And to-day I'm the happiest and proudest woman in the State.

"Now, you were Charlie's best friend—

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I've heard him say so often—and I want you to take this money and spend it for the boy. For his schooling, I mean. He's coming down to the city next Monday. You'll do it for Charlie's sake, won't you?"

"Of course I will: and anything else under heaven that I can for either you or the boy," he answered.

"I've brought it all with me," she continued proudly, as she produced a package from her bag.

Her hands trembled as she slowly untied the string, and, unrolling the paper, triumphantly spread the contents on the table before him.

They were Confederate bills, worth so much a pound as waste paper.

TOILERS OF THE HOME.

A COLLEGE WOMAN'S EXPERIENCES AS A DOMESTIC SERVANT.

By Lillian Pettengill.

[Shortly after graduating from Mount Holyoke College, Massachusetts, in 1896, Miss Pettengill took her first step toward a practical inquiry into those social questions that had for some time been vexing her independent mind. She went into domestic service. While the following relation of her experiences pretends to the solution of no problem, it is yet full of suggestions for both mistress and maid. This second article will be followed by two others from the same source.—Ed.]

ONE has been brought up to believe that it is impossible to serve two masters. A short acquaintance with Mrs. Lacy, collector and dispenser of domestic intelligence, will quickly disprove the limitations of such a creed. Mrs. Lacy keeps a bureau to which come girls in search of places where the labor required of them will be small, the emoluments large and the privileges many; and by Mrs. Lacy are despairing mistresses put in communication with household treasures who only ask to be permitted to toil ceaselessly, who demand small wages, and who wish for no privileges at all.

I called upon Mrs. Lacy on a Wednesday morning, my heart in my mouth, and lead in my feet. I had the luck to slip in behind some well-dressed, modest-looking girls who seemed to have been there before, and concealed myself behind them as they stood bunched up in the narrow hallway, whispering together. In a minute Mrs. Lacy came out of her private office to take account of stock.

"Come, come, girls, you must move on into the other room; people won't have place to get in and out, and then they'll be cross with me."

The girls moved on, and I with them.

"What do *you* want?" Mrs. Lacy demanded of me, briskly familiar, and with no preliminary greeting.

"A place for general housework," I answered meekly.

"Have you had experience? Have you a reference? Can you cook? Make good bread and biscuit?" and when I answered her questions in the affirmative, "Oh, then," intimately confidential, "take a place as plain cook. It's ever so much nicer." Without listening to my reply she drove us all before her into a small back room at the end of the passage.

The room was already too full, and its atmosphere was heavy with the mingling of many breaths. The furniture consisted of six rows of settees and wooden chairs; a stove irradiated heat in one corner. All the seats were occupied when I entered, so I took my stand near the door and leaned against the wall until, a girl being sent for, I was beckoned to the seat she left vacant.

Various degrees of intelligence and prosperity were represented in the girls in that room. I noticed, however, that they all wore gloves. I, in my effort to dress my part, had come without any, and I felt conspicuously shabby. But soon my neighbors began to talk. I forgot my bare hands. Their conversation was all of "ladies" and "places."

It seemed that there were many chambermaids and waitresses on hand, but a dearth of cooks.

"A cook can always get a place," said an honest but plain-faced girl with glasses, who sat beside me. "What's your work?" she asked of a more regularly featured sister opposite.

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"I'm a chambermaid," was the answer. "I like to cook, but the heat gives me indigestion. What are you?"

"Waitress." At this point she was called out. She was soon back again.

"Did you get the place?" asked a timid but ladylike-looking girl in red.

"No; she objected to glasses."

"Objected to glasses!"

"Whoever heard the like!"

"Why did she object to glasses?"

"I don't know. There was some other reason, of course. I asked Mrs. Lacy about it, and she said she guessed the trouble was that the lady didn't know herself what she wanted. I don't believe she did either—objected to glasses, indeed!"

"There are a lot of ladies here to-day," she went on; "but yesterday! they kept coming and coming. Some of the carriages were before the door until half-past twelve o'clock. Tuesday is always the best day, somehow. But this is a good season to look for a place any day of the week—so many girls leave to get married at Easter."

"And a good many of 'em are going to be sorry, I guess," put in a solemn one who had not spoken before.

"Ah, yes," assented another girl who wore black. "Getting married is all right, if it *is* all right; if it isn't, you couldn't do worse."

"Yes, it's too risky," agreed the ladylike one. "We don't have overpleasant times living out, but I'd rather do that and feel I can leave once in a while. You can't leave when you're married."

"What did you leave your last place for? Didn't you have a nice lady?"

"I don't know. I don't like to say she wasn't nice, but she was very hard to get along with—always asking for this and that and getting tired of it before you could get it to her. She didn't have anything to do but to imagine the girls were doing things they hadn't ought to be doing; and she was all the time picking at them. She didn't know what she did want, anyway; she was always changing. *My* time had come, I guess, and here I am."

"But you must have put up some excuse to leave," observed she of the glasses.

"Oh, yes; I had a good excuse. I lied to her, she said, about what I did my last day in town. She always had to know where I'd been, and what I'd done, every time I got back; and the worst of it was, she wouldn't believe I'd just been to my sister's. She asked the cook what I'd said to her about it; the cook gave her some yarn, and that was enough for me. I was sorry to leave on some accounts, though. The master and the children were lovely. I think the master was sorry to have me go. He got mad one day. I was out in the pantry and could hear all he said. 'I don't like this always changing, a new one every two months. I'm tired of it. You never can get absolute perfection. I can't in my business, and it's unreasonable for you to expect it. This one is all right and I say she must stay.'"

"What then?" asked an interested voice.

"Oh, the mistress begun to cry, and he gave in. She always cried when she couldn't get her way without. It was hard in that place, though—so much company and so many extras."

"Don't you like to see things nice?" asked a newcomer, a tall, dark girl in broadcloth, black kid gloves and picture hat.

"Oh, yes; but I don't believe in putting on such a lot for company if you don't have it all the time."

All the girls shook their heads and said that it was very hard when people did that way; the best people never did it—they were contented to give company just what they had themselves.

"How much time did you have?" resumed she of the glasses.

"I came in town one afternoon in two weeks and had one evening the off week."

"Not time enough," decided the others.

"I hope she paid you," remarked Kate, the stylish one.

"Four dollars."

"And the black?"

"I had to provide that myself."

The sympathy of the group was with her.

"That was not right; you did well to get away. She should have given $5 and the black, with an afternoon every week," declared Kate.

The girl with the glasses never would have stood it. "I'd have asked her what kind of a lady she was to give only $4 and me get the black; indeed, I would have said just that to her."

At this moment the ladylike one was called on.

"Did you get the place?" Kate asked, on her return.

"No; it was for the country, and I don't like the country."

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"Who with?" asked the glasses.

"Why, they're nice people!" exclaimed Kate, when she heard the name; "why, I know who *they* are. She is Mrs. Logan's daughter, who married a James a little while back. She has one little girl; is rich too, and entertains a good bit. The aunt lives on Rittenhouse Square. Why didn't you take it? I'd like a chance like that."

"It's in the country."

"Well, what if it is? Isn't summer coming? It's too hot down here then, and everybody goes away. Why don't you go with these for the summer, and then come back in the fall, if you don't like it? and you might want to stay right along, for they're nice people. It's a good chance and I'd go if I were you."

The ladylike one hesitated. She hardly knew her own mind in the excitement of the situation. "I told them I didn't want to go to the country."

"Well, hurry right back before they're gone and say you've changed your mind and would like to try it," said Kate. "Hurry, now."

She hurried.

"She might as well go," observed Kate to the glasses. "It's healthy out where they live, and they're nice people."

Kate was plainly no novice. "I lived with Mrs. X—— four years," she informed us, "then I got tired and wanted a change, so I left. I hadn't been gone two weeks when I got a letter from her offering me $50 to go back. I went, of course, and stayed two more years; then she made up her mind to go to Newport for the summer. Now, I thought, is a good time for me to quit. So I gave notice that I was going to stay in the city with my sister for the summer and for her not to count on me for going to Newport, because I wouldn't go. 'You can get plenty of girls up there,' I said. 'I don't want to go so far away.' So she went and took her cook, and her chambermaid, and the rest, and got settled, and then I got another letter: 'I can't find anybody at all that will do; these people up here don't know anything, and do, please, Kate, come up to me. I'll give you $50, your expenses both ways, and $30 a month for all the time you are here.'"

"And did you go?" asked the glasses.

"I guess I did; an offer like that is too good to lose. I made out to tear myself away from my sister—I didn't care much about staying with her except for the excuse—and I went to Newport on the first train. That was a good many years ago—five, I guess—and I've been looking for a chance to get away these two years. I got it yesterday. The cook said Mrs. X—— told her she could get plenty other girls if Kate should go away. I made it out to Mrs. X—— that she was looking to have me go; and at last I am out."

"You'll get another letter with another $50," suggested the glasses.

"Likely! I'm expecting it. But it'll take more'n $50 to get me back this time. I ain't pushed for a place right away, either: I've got money in the bank, but I don't like to be around without anything to do."

A plump and winsome Irish girl, neat and fresh as a May breeze, with rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and beautiful fluffy iron-gray hair, prematurely turned, had come into the office a little after Kate. She, it seemed, had been six years in her place, and left it of her own accord. She had no complaint to make—she wanted a change.

"I only had one row," she said, "and that was at the very beginning. I had company one night when I'd been there a week—two friends, men. I was down in the kitchen with 'em and we had a good time! The next day I was called down for it.

" 'I never allow it,' said she.

" 'Then the afternoon of yesterday week past was the time for you to have said it,' said I; 'and I wouldn't have come here. I had other places I could go to. But you never mentioned it then, so I tell you now and we'll have the understanding. My home is in Ireland with my people, but so long as I'm over in this country the place where I work is my home and there my friends will have to come to see me. I'll not stay in any place where they can't come. These men were my cousins, anyhow.' They never believe you when you say that," she added, naively. "But one of them was my cousin, really."

"And did you have them again?" asked the glasses.

"Of course I did," she remarked. "I know what belongs to me and my place. I only want what is right. I got along fine after that."

"Yes, you want what is right," nodded Kate, approvingly. "And you understand your work?"

"Yes, I understand my work."

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Kate nodded again, for that was well also.

The girls told me that the intelligence office was a better medium than the newspaper—safer, that is. Nice people did sometimes advertise, but a girl was more than likely that way to get in with "half-cuts" who didn't know how to treat her. One couldn't always tell about people by going to their houses, though generally one could; and if a girl made a mistake she couldn't stay long in her place, and that spoiled her reference.

As it came to dinner time the girls dropped out, singly or in couples, until I was left alone. I had had several interviews with ladies in the outer room, but Mrs. Lacy's patrons were, as a rule, financially above the class which keeps one girl for general housework; and my experience stood in the way of my obtaining a place as plain cook or as waitress. In spite of Kate, the glasses, and the ladylike girl, I determined to try again the newspaper "ad." Thus I came to the Wetherly sisters.

A MAID-OF-ALL-WORK TO THREE SPINSTERS

I went to the Wetherly sisters as I had gone to Mrs. Wakefield—for one week on trial. And this despite the most amazing assurance of ability from myself.

"What do you mean by plain cooking?" demanded Miss Margaret, who interviewed me in the dining-room of her house.

"I mean the ordinary cooking of things that aren't fussy or fancy." Upon which the lady upon the opposite side of the dining table smothered an inclination to smile and bore down upon me.

"Can you bake and broil meat? Cook fish? and vegetables? and make good bread? Have you ever done it independently?"

"I am able to do what you ask," I replied, recollecting that my "receipt book" gave full instructions on these matters, "though I never have done it independently."

"I want a girl who is cheerful and willing and who can do my work independently," pursued Miss Margaret. "In fact, I want a nice girl—a thoroughly nice girl," and she looked through her spectacles at me, benignantly. When after a little study she asked if I would be willing to go to her for one week on trial, I was truly flattered.

On the morning of my arrival I could hardly believe that I had not made a mistake when I stopped before the open door of the room which Miss Margaret told me was to be mine. It was a small third-story back room and so satisfied the conventions; yet it was refreshingly different from my last bedroom. It was scrupulously clean, from the farthest corner of the painted floor to the white coverlet upon the white iron bed. The toilet appointments were complete also, even to the two real towels upon the rack. Moreover, there was a bureau and a cupboard. This provision for my clothes seemed to me a silent invitation to stay longer than one week.

When I had put on my working dress, Miss Margaret met me and went downstairs with me in a cordially pleasant fashion. She introduced me to my workrooms charmingly, turning over to me the various responsibilities with an air of finality and relief which flattered while it amused.

"Now, Eliza," she concluded, "I have shown you everything I can think of; but you poke around for yourself and find what there is here. If you need anything that you *can't* find, come and ask me. I may know just where it is; though I may not, Miss Eleanor has been housekeeping so long. I'll not expect you to do much to-day except get acquainted with us and learn where things are," she went on. "If you want to arrange your kitchen more conveniently, why, do so."

Then she pulled from under the long work-table a basket containing dampened clothes. "We had in a washerwoman yesterday and I ironed here last night, so some of the washing is done. I didn't want my new girl to begin with too big a wash lest she should feel discouraged. Perhaps you can iron some of these this morning?"

"Yes'm. When shall I have them done?" I asked.

"Oh, it really doesn't matter when, if you will only be sure that they are done. And one last thing—I'm going to ask you please to try to save my gas bill for me. I don't want to be niggardly; I always allow my girls all the fire they need to use, and all the light they need, but I don't like to have either of them wasted. If you'll be careful to turn off the gas as soon as you're finished with it and not light it until you are really ready to use it, I shall be very appreciative. It's those little things that look so big when they're all counted up in the bill at the end of the month."

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I said "Yes'm" again, and sincerely; for her interests were mine already.

It was about an hour before Miss Margaret made a second visit to the kitchen. I was ironing.

"How are you getting on, Eliza? Is everything going all right?" and she looked around inquiringly.

"Why, you've made the kitchen look better already, Eliza!" she exclaimed heartily. "What did you do to it?"

"I washed the dishes," I answered simply, really touched at her friendliness. It seemed hardly worth while to specify my other labors.

"I guess that is it," Miss Margaret said, laughing. "Things do take on such an unsettled look when I'm in charge! Miss Eleanor says housekeeping is not my forte—— Why, you've scoured the coffee pot!" she interrupted suddenly; "haven't you?"

"I washed it," I replied.

"Are you sure you didn't scour it? It looks brighter, anyway," and she took it down from its place above the range for a closer view. I had given it a couple of rubs from the scouring soap I had found in the dish, but Miss Margaret's enthusiastic notice of the fact came as touching surprise number two.

The lunch was easy, as Miss Margaret said it would be, and the dinner also, though the boiling of a cabbage was the occasion of some trepidation.

"How long does it take to cook a cabbage, Eliza?" asked Miss Margaret, appearing to me again about four o'clock.

Never having cooked one, my reply was a little vague.

"Is there time to cook one for our half-past-six dinner?"

Not remembering what the receipt book said on the subject I could only "think likely."

"Our last girl boiled cabbage a long, long time," said Miss Margaret, "but I haven't had to think of these things lately, so I forgot to tell you the plan for dinner. I want everything properly cooked, of course, even a cabbage, and if there isn't time we won't try to have it to-night."

Miss Margaret seemed so doubtful that I took chances on a hazy impression and assured her that I thought an hour more or less would be enough.

"Well, do it your way if there is time," she concluded, trying not to appear as one who is ready to endure.

I did it my way, which was the way of my book, changing the water twice, and calling it done after sixty-five or seventy minutes. I cooked the chops and the potatoes also according to the book.

At dinner Miss Margaret beamed on me. "Eliza, that Boston cook book is all right; the cabbage is fine!" I grinned. "Eliza," she continued with sisterly pride, "Eliza, this is Miss Eleanor, whom you haven't met before."

A hearty, distinct and pleasant "How do you do?" was Miss Eleanor's reply to my respectful nod.

Miss Margaret had told me that I need not continue ironing after dinner, but the board was out and the irons hot. It seemed a sensible way to spend the evening, and, moreover, I was distrustful of what might be expected of me on the morrow. Half-past nine, therefore, brought the bottom of the basket and Miss Margaret, who came to explain to me the final duties of the day. I put out the milk can, made ice-water, barred the shutters, locked the doors, and went to bed with the white spread—rather tired but tranquil minded.

And if I rejoiced over the pleasant cordiality of Miss Margaret, it was soon evident that she also felt that she had reasons for self-congratulation. Sleeping in the big front room on the same floor with myself, she thought it was "so nice" that I could awake without setting the alarm clock; just as she thought it was "so nice" that I did not drink tea.

"What! You don't drink tea—you don't drink it at all? Why, we never before had a girl who didn't drink tea!" she exclaimed, delighted. "But I think you're sensible—I do, really; I've lately given it up myself because I don't think it's good for people. What do you like to drink?"

"Milk, when I can get it," I answered, wickedly honest, and good Miss Margaret's enthusiasm abated. And two things I noted: that her quart jar of tea lasted for five weeks instead of two, as had been the case before my advent; and that she didn't offer to take extra milk—not that I expected her to: I am sure it isn't customary.

If I had taken to the tea habit at the Wetherlys' my work there might have slipped along more easily; or if I had eaten little extra meals on the harder days. Not that

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my food was in any way restricted. I fared exactly as did the three women whom I served, and at first the diet seemed substantial enough. But though they were particular about the serving of their meals, the Misses Wetherly were small eaters, and they were economical of food as of everything else. They were leading sedentary lives, and light luncheons and vegetable dinners were sufficiently nourishing for them; but my life was a very active one; and as the days passed the work dragged. Try as I would, I could not finish the washing before half-past three in the afternoon. Just over the fence on my right, the undersized colored girl of a family of five hung out her last piece by twelve o'clock. The fag end of the ironing was always with me on Wednesday morning. Something of the weariness of the one week lasted over to the beginning of the next. I grew so thin that Miss Eleanor noticed it and told me to eat more, and Miss Margaret advised me to drink the tea if I needed it. I often felt that a midday dinner on Mondays and Tuesdays would have been welcome if some one else could have prepared it, but I did not see in that feeling any sufficient explanation of why I could not work faster. I only knew that I was always more tired than I ought to be, and too behind-time to waste precious minutes in getting myself an extra lunch or making myself tea, which last, in any case, I disliked.

Tuesday was my hardest day; ironing took up the whole morning. Then there was lunch to be got and cleared away. And all the afternoon and most of the morning there was the doorbell to answer. I have known it to ring three times during the ironing of one piece.

My first stew, which occurred on a Friday, my third day, was not started until the last minute:

"I see Miss Eleanor has sent home this piece of lamb. What does it suggest to you, Eliza?" said Miss Margaret.

To me it only suggested that chapter in algebra where one devotes days and nights to finding the value of x. I was not familiar with produce in its raw state. Miss Margaret took pity on the evident vacancy of my mind.

"Well, it could make a stew, Eliza. And I'm glad, for we haven't had a stew for a long time. I love a good stew, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know," I answered with a far-away look. Honest enthusiasm could hardly have been expected under the circumstances.

"Oh, yes, Eliza!" Miss Margaret coaxed. "After we've had chops, and steaks, and roasts, and fish broiled and baked, what else is there? There is nothing then so satisfactory as a nice stew, and in addition to other attractions, there is that of economy, which is no inconsiderable one. You *can* make a stew, Eliza?" she asked as if with a new thought.

"I never did make one yet," I replied.

"Well, then, I'll tell you how," said Miss Margaret; "though I'm no cook—never had time to learn and know very little about it. Cut your meat, put it in the kettle and pour cold water over it until it is well covered; boil it; season it; boil some potatoes, cut them in halves, and then make a nice gravy with brown flour and pour over the whole, and there you have your stew. There's nothing easier to make," with a funny little air of superiority.

"But you use cold water for soups, when you want all the juice drawn out. I should think you'd pour hot water over meat for a stew," I ventured, with a hazy recollection of the first axioms of the cookery book.

"Ye-es, you're right, that is so," she agreed, pretending to think a moment. "I told you I didn't know anything about cooking. Well, you make the best stew you can, and then if we like our way better Miss Eleanor will teach you our way. Miss Eleanor cooks very nicely."

Most of the economical cook books do not sufficiently consider that most economical of preparations, the stew. It is doubtless too simple. Miss Margaret's Philadelphia cook book ignored the whole subject superciliously. My own did better. It said, simmer gently for one hour, which was correct enough if one had allowed enough time for the after boiling. I had not. Finding the meat so little cooked by its simmer, I developed nerves, and, moving the kettle over the hottest part of the stove, boiled the contents furiously for the next hour. At ten minutes to seven the stew was served, the meat rather hard and quite tough.

"We're so hungry, Eliza! We had begun to fear that something had happened to our stew," said Miss Margaret half-humorously, as I set it before her.

"Most likely you'll wish something had

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happened to it," I murmured. "'Tisn't good for anything."

"Not so bad as that, I hope," she said encouragingly. "It looks good, anyway."

I retired, honestly distressed and mortified. I needed a long rest after dinner, and I did not hurry with the evening work, so that it was ten o'clock before I was ready to go upstairs. Miss Margaret, somewhat concerned, appeared just as I was covering the bread.

"You're a little late, aren't you, Eliza. Has anything gone wrong?"

"I sulked this evening."

"You sulked? Well, it's all right, of course, if you want to," doubtfully.

"The stew made me tired," I explained.

"The stew made you tired?"

"Yes; it wasn't right."

"Oh, you mustn't take things to heart that way," she said. "I've eaten stews that were much worse than that. Had you really never made a stew before? I thought you were joking, or I could have given you more complete directions. Have you ever done much cooking, Eliza?"

"No'm; I don't know anything. I wish I did, though," with a confidential burst. "It would be a satisfaction to be able to make things that people would enjoy."

Miss Margaret was sympathetic and spoke of having watched the demonstrations of a celebrated cooking teacher and of having noted how indispensable the double boiler or the teakettle of hot water was for all her best effects. Silently I appropriated the hint.

"I'm sure you'll succeed if your heart is in it, Eliza," she concluded encouragingly. "I believe we can do anything that we really want to, with patient and persistent practice."

I believe that, too, in courageous moods; but what of the other people, while the practice is going on! And the Wetherly ladies were so "lovely!" At last, after a series of failures, my conscience got the upper hand.

I said to them: "Well, I tell you what it is; you people better get somebody who really does know about what she pretends to know, for I am going to get a place to do chamber work."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Miss Eleanor quickly. "No; you're joking."

Miss Margaret only looked.

"No; I'm in earnest. To-night's effort was a settler, and I'm done with cooking. It's too wearing on my nerves—to say nothing about your digestion."

"But we don't want you to go!" cried both at once. "We haven't complained. Have you heard us complain?"

"No-o, but that isn't because you haven't reason to," I maintained.

"But if we're satisfied, why should you care?" asked Miss Eleanor, in seeming mystification.

"Because my sense of decency will not let me pretend to be a cook and take money for such miserable messes."

"The old-fashioned girl," murmured Miss Margaret reflectively, "from——? Ah, yes! The old-fashioned girl from New England, of whom we have read. I never expected such good fortune would be ours, did you, Eleanor?

"Eliza," she said, turning squarely to me, "you haven't pretended. Of all the things I've asked if you could make, bread is the only one about which you have said right off, 'Yes, I can make it.' Now, isn't that so?"

I couldn't deny it. They had known my inexperience at the start.

"We'll teach you to cook," said Miss Eleanor, "and be glad to, for you wouldn't need to be told the same thing more than once. That beef-heart hash for which I gave you a recipe you made the first time as well as I could have made it myself."

"I—— Better get a girl who knows without teaching. I'm going to do chamber work, because that doesn't take any brains," I persisted.

"It is three years now since I gave up a wash-stand in my room because I couldn't trust the girl to do the chamber work properly," quietly observed Miss Margaret.

That I held to be the result of "pure cussedness," rather than any lack of ability.

My fancied intelligence, I may say, was a matter of speculation among the sisters.

"How long do people go to school up in your State, Eliza?" Miss Margaret once queried. "It seems as though you must have gone to school more than most of the girls round here, you have so much head; you remember the things we tell you, and do them the second time."

Fourteen years I stated to be the age limit of compulsory education in Massachusetts.

"But you went longer than that?"

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"Yes, I went for a time after I was fourteen."

"What especially made me think you must have had extra advantages was the readiness with which you learned our way of managing the fires. Our last girl we showed over and over again. It was three weeks before she learned to do it right, and she was a well-meaning girl, too."

"Perhaps she was unusually slow," I suggested.

"Perhaps Eliza only took this place till she could get another," suggested Miss Eleanor. "She means to get a place out in the country for the summer with people who have lots of money."

"Well, it is too hot to work in Philadelphia," I answered, and truly.

The mystery was solved. They sighed and accepted the inevitable—for the moment.

"Where have you spent your summers before this, Eliza?" asked Miss Margaret.

"Oh, in town, or just a little outside—not far enough out to be cool," I answered nonchalantly. "I tell you how it is," I said at last. "I—I, why, I'm going to be married, but I'll stay till you get somebody else."

"No—are you? Oh, Eliza, don't! What do you want to do that for?"

"What does anybody want to get married for?" I asked. I had merely recalled and repeated a fortune-teller's silly prediction.

"That's more than I know," declared both sisters at once.

"Stay with us and be sensible," added Miss Eleanor, "and we'll teach you to cook."

"It's this way, Eliza," said Miss Margaret, confessing that personality was an important consideration for them. "Miss Eleanor got our supper on the chafing-dish during a whole winter because we simply could not eat what came from the kitchen. But we kept our girl because she was good in other ways. So you see!"

I saw perfectly well how they felt, but I did not like the idea of living on an agreeable personality. I felt that it robbed me of my dignity as a laborer.

"Most girls don't care," went on Miss Eleanor. "All they want is their wages. You care and try, and we appreciate it. That fact alone is worth $3 a week to us."

"I want my wages, too, or I wouldn't be working. But I much prefer to earn them, and I don't want the knowledge that I have spoiled three good digestions to haunt me all my days."

"Stay until the first of June, Eliza—until I finish my work in town. We can't get on without a girl now; there aren't hours enough in the day as it is," said Miss Eleanor pleadingly.

I agreed to that readily enough. "I only wanted to tell you what I had decided, so you could get another girl in the spring, while they're to be had," I answered. "I am not fit for this place. You never should have taken me."

"Oh, let's not think of it—stews, cooking and worries—any more, Eliza," cried Miss Margaret. "Go to bed and sleep. You'll feel better in the morning and decide to stay with us."

It was Miss Margaret's way not to think of her worries. That must have been what kept her so young—that and the little dog Jess, though Jess was more especially Miss Eleanor's treasure.

Jess was very pleasant to me always—she had a portion of the Wetherly spirit; and I did my best for her, serving her broiled liver, well seasoned and on a clean plate.

It was very pleasant for me there at the Wetherlys'. There was a rocking-chair in the kitchen. On sunny days there was a pleasant outdoor workroom beyond the kitchen door, floored by the brick sidewalk, roofed, and screened across by vines. On Mondays I had my tubs out there on the bench. I liked to sit in the doorway with my pan of potatoes or other vegetables. There was a trim little pocket of a yard beyond, which could not possibly accommodate a whole wash at once, but the various rose-bushes aspiring to cover the fences all the way round were gay to look upon.

"Miss Eleanor is very fond of flowers," said Miss Margaret; "are you—because we have lots of them." I brought a handful of buttercups from the park one Sunday night. That was a night of wonders. First, because in all their lives Miss Margaret and Miss Eleanor had never known a girl to return from her afternoon out as early as seven o'clock. They were preparing supper when I came in, so I presented my floral offering in the kitchen.

"What—for us? Did you pick them for us, on purpose? Truly? Why, never before did we have a girl do that for us."

I was called from my room to eat my

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supper, much to my surprise, as I had been prepared to go without.

"Why didn't you come down sooner? We had a place ready for you in the dining-room with us," said Miss Eleanor.

"Me—in the dining-room—with you?" I stammered.

"Yes; wouldn't you like that? We thought you would."

"It would have been very pleasant," I answered, "but my place is out here, and I think I'd better stay in it always, since I must sometimes. It's simpler."

"As you like, of course, and perhaps you are wiser," murmured Miss Eleanor. "I'm sure I don't know."

In this friendly home I gave up living for my off time. The Thursday afternoon and the every other Sunday were still very welcome as a rest from labor and as they gave opportunity for the doing of necessary errands; otherwise, and but for a certain amount of variety which is necessary for continued cheerfulness of spirit and consequent health, the yielding up of my right to them would have been no cross. This is only saying that the Wetherly house was not to me a prison; I could think of and enter it without the shadow of a cringe or reluctance.

"Feel free to come upstairs, Eliza, as soon as you like; Miss Eleanor and I are alone," Miss Margaret had said to me on my first evening with them.

"Yes'm," I had answered meekly, without in the least realizing that it was an invitation to sit with them in the parlor.

"We can't, as we are situated, have any but really nice girls," Miss Margaret confided to me later on. "If we can keep such a one for a short time we like her to feel that she is one of us in so far as it is possible. Two girls are company for each other, but one always down in the kitchen by herself gets lonesome and dumpy, and pretty soon she comes and says she guesses she'll leave. What's the matter? Nothing's the matter, only she wants to get another place. We three, Miss Margaret, Miss Prudence and I, are so much by ourselves that we get lonely, too, and really eager for a new interest. So our way works for the good of both. If we happen to have company, of course it is different; but a really nice girl wouldn't think of sitting down with us when there was company."

I admitted that their way was a good way, but a personal application of it never occurred to me. I liked to spend a few minutes with them when I took up the water at night, and play with Jess. In fact, I came to look forward to those moments as a pleasant ending to my solitary day. If the ladies were not busy there was more or less extended interchange of facetious remark. But I never wandered far from the parlor door or looked in on them at any other time without special invitation. It never seemed natural to do so; though if they had persisted in being so nice to me it might have come to seem so by Christmas time.

The work of the Wetherly family—Tuesday always excepted—I really enjoyed after the first. Miss Margaret and Miss Eleanor so managed that it appealed to my pride and sense of dependableness. "Will you have time for this? Can you do that, just as easily as not? I think we should have the other to-day." This was the fashion of their orders. I began to feel the dignity of my position as an independent worker, and to outgrow the shame of being only a housework girl. I never reached the desired celerity in my labor, though I should have in time, I am sure. That I was only an amateur, and not conversant with professional methods and short cuts, was as real a difficulty as the inadequate lunch. I was too many hours at the washing, but that I could do it out-of-doors was an alleviating circumstance. The care of the rooms was not burdensome, though I should have liked to have washed the windows oftener, to have dusted more thoroughly, and to have cleaned the silver (real silver, at last) more frequently. I did enjoy the practice in cooking, for the stew was the last of its kind; though there were other stews, Miss Eleanor having demonstrated her method. In the preparation of other dishes, also, improvement resulted from experience. Miss Margaret came to me one day with a beaming smile. "Eliza, that roe was perfect—just perfect. You'll be a French cook before we know it."

When the time came to leave, the sisters urged me to stay with them at least a year, that Miss Eleanor might go away to study feeling that Miss Margaret had been left "in safe and competent hands." They were wily ladies.

"It would be a great weight off Miss Eleanor's mind, Eliza, if you would stay with us. Think how easy it would be here

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all next year, with Miss Eleanor gone—just Miss Prudence and me to do for."

"I know," said I.

"And it's very quiet here; very few people ever come to see us. You would have no expenses, and not a thing to worry you. If you want to get experience in cooking, it is a good chance; for in the course of a year we have almost everything that comes to market."

Miss Margaret talked with me long and confidently in a way which, under ordinary circumstances, must have inspired one to hopeful work. She felt I was discouraged with my profession, she said; but with patience and practice there were heights to be gained even in housework. Cookery was a fine art; laundry work had been carried almost to perfection; and even in sweeping and dusting there were specialists with regular customers whose furnishings were too elegant and whose bric-a-brac was too costly to be trusted to an indifferent worker. High excellence with proportionate earnings were possible to me if I would try for them. I told Miss Margaret that I hoped there would not always be the need for me to do housework. I did not dislike the work itself especially, or think of it as beneath me, but living out was hard—even in a place that was called easy and the conditions were dreary. There was no opportunity for the knowing of books, and without books I could not be happy. I could not read after my work was done, for it never was done; when I stopped for a while it was because I was too tired to do more. And then I confessed what I suspect a "good girl" rarely does confess to her mistress this side of exhaustion—that my physical strength was none too abundant for the doing of the present work.

"But, Eliza, this is an easy place—that is, I think girls have usually found it so. Indeed, I have heard them say it. Of course, if you are really able to do something besides housework, I hope you'll pardon me; but I thought yours was only the discontent of a vain ambition, as is the case with so many. For generally a girl won't stoop to this—won't soil her hands with housework if she ever has done or can do anything else."

"It's very foolish of them," said I.

"I think so, too, Eliza. I've no patience with the way girls feel about this matter of living out. Still, I—I don't believe, if I had such a decision to make for myself, that I could do as you have done either. Certainly I could not have done it without a struggle."

I wonder whether, if I had been permitted, I could have finished the ironing that last Tuesday, which was also my last whole day at the Wetherlys'. I had striven for that end every week.

"I am really sorry to break up this wild enthusiasm over the ironing," said Miss Eleanor after lunch, "but would you mind sitting two or three hours with Miss Prudence" (who was not very well) "so that Miss Margaret and I can go out together? It's likely to be our last chance for a long while. *I'll* finish the ironing this evening."

Miss Margaret was no sooner at home again than there came a telegram that company was coming for dinner. Dinner was late, of course, but it was *not* underdone. I rejoice over that event yet. In the evening I ironed. The next morning I ironed; and I got lunch.

"Would you mind staying to get lunch for us?" asked Miss Eleanor.

I wouldn't have minded staying as long as the company did had anybody suggested it. Indeed, under other circumstances I might have stayed on altogether, growing seasoned meanwhile, though the heated term was beginning. The Wetherly kitchen was cool without the range fire. My hands might have toughened in the service and ceased to handicap me with their lameness and numbness. But, being what I was, it was better to go. Relaxation at the end of the ordeal—for it was an ordeal, though a pleasant one—was very agreeable. True to the purpose confided to Miss Margaret, I am now "a-visiting." It is my vacation.

Of a truth, though, I think often of those gracious ladies, fondly and regretfully. If they engaged the one girl I was able to send, I hope she does well for them. If they did not engage her, I hope they have a better. Whenever I go back to the city, if the Wetherlys be without satisfactory help, I shall be welcome there—if I wish or decide to live out again. Miss Margaret and her sister have said it. Nor do I know that such an event is so absolutely unlikely as it might seem to some people. With the Wetherlys my objections to the service would not be so stubborn as to be impossible of adjustment. Office life is only half a life, if indeed the fraction be so great. And—

The charm of the Wetherly sisters is great.

(To be continued.)

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